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Liberty

OCT. 11 · 1941

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The First Word - From Our Readers Vox Pop

SHALL WE DRAFT AMERICAN WOMEN?

COLUMBUS, OHIO—I read Mrs. Roosevelt's article, Shall We Draft American Women? (September 13 Liberty), and would like to give you my opinion.

I am an American girl of twenty, and I have often wondered why we were not given a chance to show our patriotism the same as our men.

I know there are a few ways, if you are lucky enough to be a trained nurse or the daughter of the general (meaning if you have a pull), but I am one of the many girls who isn't. I think, since so many men are either willing or drafted to uphold Uncle Sam, the least we can do is to try to make army life more enjoyable for them if we can, and I am sure most women agree with me.—*One (Proud to Be) American Girl.*

CHICAGO, ILL.—Women are the *producers* of citizens and soldiers—draft them! They have always shouldered arms and carried arms.—*Beta Kennedy.*

FORT DEVENS, MASS.—Women should not be drafted. If a soldier has women around him, he never will be a soldier.—*Pfc. Joseph Breznovits.*

THE LADIES SPEAK . .

ALHAMBRA, CALIF.—Both on my own behalf and for the organization which I represent, may I express appreciation for the vital and urgent warning sounded in the editorial, To the Ladies—A Word of Warning (August 23 Liberty)?

I agree that women have not, in the twenty years since they have had the vote, done all they said they would accomplish. Intelligent women of sound common sense have fallen into the quagmire of apathy. But let us remember that twenty years is but a drop of sand in the eons of time.—*May G. Schaefer, President, Business Women's Legislative Council of California.*

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—I want to thank you deeply for the editorial in August 23 Liberty. Once again Liberty forecasts the future, and, with its usual concern for the rights of American citizens, warns them—in time if they will only listen. This is the most significant editorial to appear in a national publication concerning the rights of women in years.—*(Dr.) Wickliffe Stack, Legislative Chairman, School Women's Council.*

BALTIMORE, MD.—Your editorial was one of the finest I have ever read, and should cause women to take the necessary action for complete equality. No democracy is complete until all people are free under the law.—*Alma Harrison Ambrose, President, Eastern Regional Conference, National Woman's Party.*

. . AND ONE LONE MAN

ST. LOUIS, MO.—I cannot agree with the views expressed in your editorial To the Ladies. You are wittingly or unwittingly condoning the destruction of the great unit of society—the family.

The practice of a wife's working simply to exercise her freedom, or to satisfy her personal desires, has done more to destroy homes and families than any other factor.—*W. C. Heidenreich.*

GEORGETTE LEBLANC SAYS SHE'S ALIVE

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Some weeks ago you printed an inquiry from Mrs. F. T. Kotzback of Greensboro, North Carolina, as to whether Georgette Leblanc is still alive. I sent Mme. Leblanc the clipping to France, and have received the enclosed for Mrs. Kotzback.—*S. Solano.*

Liberty gladly forwards to Mrs. Kotzback the great French actress' reply, in which she writes from the Maritime Alps that she is alive and glad to be, has just finished a book, and regrets that she did not see the Liberty articles on marriage by her famous ex-husband, Maurice Maeterlinck, which prompted the inquiry.—VOX POP ED.

FROM JOE'S HOME TOWN!

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Who, other than himself, is your Yankee Stade trying to kid? His article on Joe DiMaggio in

"Well, did you have any fun with your friends?"

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Know your M's

1. This is a M_____

2. This is a M_____

3. This is a M____

4. This is a M____

5. This is a M_____

6. This is M_____ & M____

The whiskey that's Mild, Mellow, Moderate-priced.

ANSWERS: 1, *Mammoth;* 2, *Mortar;* 3, *Macaw;* 4, *Monkey;* 5, *Metronome;* 6, *Mattingly & Moore.*

If you scored all six right, you're a genius; five, terribly bright; four, superior; three, good; two, fair; one, not up to snuff.

Not up to snuff, that is, unless—due to previous experience—the one you got right was *Mattingly & Moore.*

This proves, obviously, that you are a man of great discernment and good, sound sense . . for M & M is really milder and mellower than many more costly whiskies.

It's probably the outstanding whiskey value in the land.

The Best of 'em is

M&M

–Know Mattingly & Moore

Blended Whiskey—86 Proof—72½% grain neutral spirits. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore

THAT WIDE-RANGING SETTER'S A WONDER--BUT HE'S PLUMB WORN ME OUT!
LOOK AT SIR VALIENT HOLD THOSE BIRDS, JUDGE! AND IT'S HIS 3RD COVEY IN THE LAST HALF-HOUR!

THE CLUB'S NEVER SEEN A CHAMPION LIKE HIM, COLONEL! HE GETS THE BLUE RIBBON AGAIN!
THANKS, JUDGE! AFTER THAT CHASE WE DESERVE A BLUE RIBBON, TOO --LET'S SCORE OURSELVES "33 TO 1"!

"33 TO 1"? THAT'S A LOT OF POINTS FOR AN OLD DOG LIKE ME, COLONEL --WHAT ARE YOU DRIVING AT?
WHY, PABST BLUE RIBBON, JUDGE--33 FINE BREWS BLENDED TO MAKE ONE GREAT BEER!

YOU'VE CERTAINLY FLUSHED A COVEY HERE, COLONEL! SMOOTHEST, MOST REFRESHING BEER I'VE EVER TASTED!
IT'S A GREAT DAY FOR US WHEN WE BOTH GET BLUE RIBBONS --EH, BOY?

33 FINE BREWS BLENDED TO MAKE ONE GREAT BEER!

...IT'S SMOOTHER...IT'S TASTIER
...IT NEVER VARIES

THE COLONEL SURE KNOWS HIS CHAMPIONS! THERE'S NOTHING LIKE THIS *BLEND OF 33 FINE BREWS* FOR BLUE RIBBON REFRESHMENT IN BEER!

Here's why: Like the finest coffee and champagne, Pabst Blue Ribbon beer is expertly blended for goodness that never varies. It's this extra skill and care that makes it a champion thirst-quencher. Today – discover how delicious a beer can be when it's a blend of 33 fine brews!

Enjoy it in full or club size bottles, handy cans, and on draft at better places everywhere.

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August 23 Liberty is full of silly reasonings.

Mr. Stade hopes to show that Joe is the greatest player of all time. Before giving Joe the crown Mr. Stade should look up a record of Hornsby's. From 1920 to 1925 (six successive seasons) Hornsby led his league in batting, averaging the almost unheard-of figure of .385 for that stretch, and batted over .400 three of those six seasons. When Joe tops that I'll call him king.—*Milton F. Olson.*

HOW ABOUT IT, MR. POSTMASTER GENERAL?

NEW LONDON, CONN.—This little voice, amplified by Vox Pop, is suggesting a love stamp.

The advisability of its creation is that youth, which for so long has been proclaiming affection by means of upside-down stamps, meaningful initials, etc., will herald the love stamp by writing more letters. With so many of our boys now in the service, it will help to strengthen and maintain high morale.—*Patriotic Lady.*

WE STRIVE TO PLEASE

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.—You used to publish once in a while a little feature I liked—Puzzle Poems. Here is one I worked out. Why don't you run some more?—*Beatrice Williamson.*

No sooner said than done. See page 53.—VOX POP ED.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—Why, oh why, did the movie columns have to be cut up in such an atrocious manner? For years I have enjoyed keeping the movie pages for reference when I wanted to know the rating of a picture. This helped me avoid the pitfalls of seeing too many B pictures and also helped me to watch for outstanding ones with a high star rating. The split-up makes this difficult and makes the pages very junky.—*Ira F. Schuette.*

It's different now. See page 45.—VOX POP ED.

THIS CALLS FOR NO PARDON

SPOKANE, WASH.—Pardon me for being a Liberty fan—mainly, because the editorials are a credit to American principles and American journalism at its best; second, because so many people find expression in its pages (I do not agree with all of them, but neither do I approve of everything I used to hear on Main Street on Saturday afternoon); third, because of many new features, some of them showing an awareness that Liberty has women readers.

I like very much the Girl Meets Girl articles; the "women of forty" type of thing and their achievements. I like the front-page editorial, and the Statue of Liberty (but how many Americans know the fascinating story of it? Would Liberty give it to us in its entirety? *Please?*)

I hate "smear" articles and propaganda, whether sugar-coated in fiction or triple-distilled by "name" writers. I like the

new Liberty covers, but, honest now, on the one for July 26, wouldn't the pair of romanticists from the '90s have less ready-made fare for their picnic?

Turning back to The Last Word for August 9, and the "anxious mother" whose only hope for her bad boy is that he might make an editor, I can think of just one award for her—that she be unanimously elected president of the Society of Incurable Morons.—*Julia S. George.*

WHERE MURDER IS PRACTICALLY A PLEASURE

NATCHEZ, MISS.—We feel that your readers throughout the nation enjoyed as much as we did Leslie Ford's recent fascinating Liberty serial Murder with Southern Hospitality.

During the 1940 pilgrimage of the Natchez Garden Club, Mrs. Brown (Leslie Ford) came to Natchez as our guest and spent many weeks collecting data and doing historical research for this story. She visited a number of the old homes and became one of us, and we realize that she captured perfectly the spirit and charm of this quaint and historic city.

Mrs. Brown possesses the happy faculty of getting the most out of every experience in life, and in Murder with Southern Hospitality she has portrayed scenes and characters which are true to life.—*The Natchez Garden Club, by Anna Rose Metcalfe, President.*

WE JUDGE YOU ARE RIGHT

ST. LOUIS, MO.—I like Mahatma Gandhi and your articles by him for the simple reason that everybody says I am his double and look just like him. I enclose my picture so you can judge for yourself.—*Henry Gieselman.*

CORRECT, POULTRYMEN? WE WOULDN'T KNOW

SHELBYVILLE, IND.—In his story Ma's Gone West (August 30 Liberty) MacKinlay Kantor writes: "The morning crop of hen eggs was abundant."

The only poultrymen who collect eggs during the morning are those who use lights to fool the hens into the belief that night is really another day. Did anybody have electric lights in Civil War times, especially on the western frontier? —*Carl S. Lowden.*

WE DON'T BLAME YOU

BUFFALO, N. Y.—Having read in your magazine two attempts at spelling the name of the lake in Webster, neither of which was correct, I am sending you the authentic name of this lake, which is: Chargoggagogmanchauggagogchabunagungamaug. We who lived in Webster and vicinity called it Chabunagungamaug.—*Old-Timer.*

"THEY'RE PERFECT FOR DINNER AFTER THE GAME," says MRS. LYNN WALDORF

wife of the Northwestern University football coach

Appetites respond quickly to Mrs. Waldorf's after-the-game dinners. "The savory goodness and amazing tenderness of Swift's Premium Frankfurts make them a prime favorite with every dinner guest," says Mrs. Waldorf. One of her favorite menus consists of Swift's Premium Frankfurts, baked beans with onion rings, Waldorf salad (of course!), cucumber pickles, and Boston brown bread. (*Simply simmer frankfurts 5 to 8 minutes and serve.*)

SWIFT'S PREMIUM *Tender* FRANKFURTS

IN THE NEW LARGER *"dinner" size*

Made of fine meats — skillfully seasoned

After all, the meats inside *make* the frankfurt. Swift's Premium are made from juicy cuts of beef and pork, spiced according to a special Swift recipe.

Skins "tendered" in pineapple juice

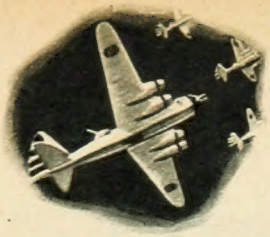
Not a trace of pineapple flavor remains but the skins *couldn't* be more delicately tender and still retain the rich, savory meat juices. This new method (patent pending) is exclusive with Swift & Company.

Smoked over fragrant hardwood fires

In the aromatic smoke of real hardwood fires the tender juicy links are "done to a turn" . . . emerge a tempting ruddy brown, lusciously flavored . . . "fit for a king!"

In 2 sizes . . . Swift's Premium Seal on every fourth link

Spic-and-span kitchens throughout the country also make many "SWIFT'S PREMIUM" table-ready meats . . . Meat Loaf . . . Braunschweiger . . . Cervelat . . . Lunar Loaf . . . Bologna . . . Salami . . . Liver Cheese . . . Cheemeat . . . Pot Roast of Beef . . . Ham, Delicatessen Style. Look for the "SWIFT'S PREMIUM" seal of top quality!



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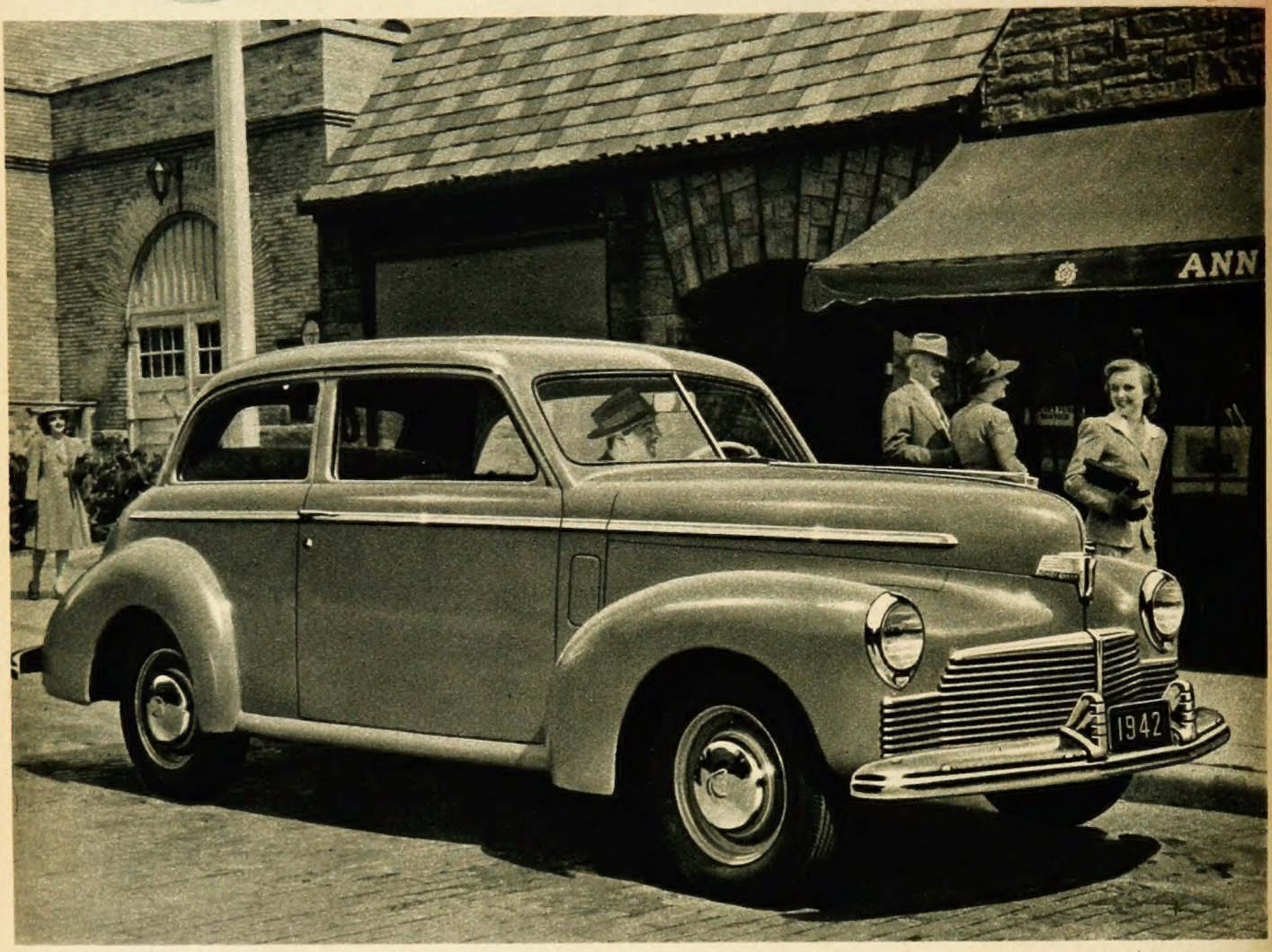
The Studebaker Corporation



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New 1942 Studebaker Champion

HIGHEST QUALITY CAR IN THE LOWEST PRICE FIELD

THIS big, roomy, impressive-looking new Studebaker Champion for 1942 decisively establishes Studebaker's leadership as the quality builder of lowest price cars.

From top to wheels, every sound solid inch of this restful riding, easy-handling, smooth-performing Studebaker Champion is a tribute to the brilliance of Studebaker engineering and the outstanding superiority of Studebaker craftsmanship.

Top-quality materials are used throughout this finest Champion in Studebaker history—and the full responsibility of Studebaker's 89-year reputation stands back of this great car unreservedly.

It's designed on unique engineering principles which give it remarkable operating economy—an important advantage in these times when efficient motorized transportation is so essential to the nation. In fact, with people everywhere intensely interested in getting the greatest possible motoring mileage at the lowest possible cost, this value-loaded new Studebaker Champion stands alone in the lowest price field as an investment.

See your local Studebaker dealer now and go for a convincing Champion trial drive. You may use your present car as part payment. C.I.T. terms.

O. J. ELDER PUBLISHER • FULTON OURSLER EDITOR IN CHIEF • WALTER LLOYD ART EDITOR

Liberty

OCTOBER 11, 1941 VOL. 18, NO. 41

THE GREAT OIL MYSTERY!

☆ WAS ever any problem in national affairs handled more unwisely than the notorious gas and oil "shortage" on the Eastern Seaboard?

From the very beginning Washington, through its bureau savants and their guess men, acted with an unexampled genius for doing the wrong thing.

The result is that the American citizen today wonders distrustfully what it was all about. He still does not understand. He has the uneasy suspicion that somebody in Washington was trying to put over a fast one. Deplorable? Indeed, yes!

But can you blame the American citizen? Or should not blame be put squarely where it belongs, on the shoulders of conniving bureaucrats and their guess men?

If one reviews the known facts in the light of a calm, good-tempered determination to get at the truth, no other answer is possible. The administration can thank itself for the bungling of the oil problem and the consequent unrest in the minds of the people.

First we were told there was an alarming shortage of gasoline. Conservation was necessary in the East. The people of the United States must gird their loins—and their jaloppies—for sacrifice. We were living in dark hours and we must play our part. That sort of thing! The first way we must play our part was to have gasolineless Sundays; twelve-hour night closing of filling stations; cutting the use of gas and oil by various percentages—in this land of ours, which is not merely a promised land but a promised land that came true and is today our glorious heritage—here, where the country does overflow with oil and honey and plenty of corn and wine—here we were threatened with ration cards for our family bus. And why? Were the oil wells drying up?

It took a long time to get any clear idea of why we were having an oil shortage. Eventually, somebody admitted that there was no oil shortage at all. There was a shortage of ships to carry the oil from the West to the East; most of the tankers were carrying oil to Great Britain.

After that, the first peep of protest that came to our attention was a letter from a Liberty reader. It was written in midsummer and was published in Vox Pop as follows: "I am asking Harold Ickes to enlighten the poor dumb public as to why, with plenty of gas in the Gulf States and 19,000 idle tank cars to transport it, there should be a shortage in the Eastern States."

Two months later, Mr. J. J. Pelley, representing the American railroads, made the same statement. With what result? One official in Washington declared that even if we had the oil and the tank cars to transport it, still the people of the Eastern United States should ride less, because some day there might really be an oil shortage.

Upon which there came the outcry from the opposition forces that there was only a fake shortage, being dramatized to "condition" the American people for war and rationing.

This was denied with shudders of patriotic virtue. The jowls of the bureaucrats quivered. They weren't angry; they were only terribly, terribly hurt.

Now comes Mayor LaGuardia to pour oil on the troubled Atlantic Coast. The tank cars, says the Little Flower, will help solve everything. The oil curfew will soon be a thing of the past.

All of which means what, if anything?

It means what we have said here again and again—a lack of frankness on the part of some of our employees. Officials and bureaucrats, men of small mental capacity and even smaller spirit, mean men who think it statesmanship to hornswoggle their employers—who are the American voters—those fellows are not ready to trust their bosses with the facts. They act as if we, by whose tolerance they are in office with a weekly pay check, are not quite right in the head. We are to be managed, conditioned, "softened up," led around by the nose!

And what *that* really means is serious! It means those men do not believe in the will of the people, their intelligence or their authority. They think they have to govern us by subterfuge. Some day they will cast aside the false whiskers, when they think they can govern us by sheer force. They are officials of a democratic government but they believe in totalitarianism. That is why such men are a danger. They are a threat to our free institutions.

This is a country run by the people. We are not infants to be told bogey stories or cajoled with a sugar nipple. We want the facts, and, by the living God, we are going to get them!

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READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

Will Lindbergh Ru for Senator in Minnesota?

☆ DOES Lindbergh plan to enter politics?

He has not said yes and—except in one specific instance—he has not said no. But the rumors persist.

In January of this year the Providence Bulletin claimed to have learned "from Congressional sources" that Colonel Lindbergh was considering seeking a seat in the United States Senate or House in 1942.

In February—after Lindbergh had gone through hours of senatorial questioning in Washington concerning his opposition to the Lease-Lend Bill—isolationist Senator Gerald Nye (also a frequent speaker for America First, which Lindbergh had not then joined) said he thought the Colonel should seek a place in Congress where, Nye said, "he'd be an amazing strength."

Asked directly by reporters if he planned to seek a seat in the Senate or the House, Lindbergh did not shut the door on such a possibility but told them: "I have nothing to say about that."

Rumors heard two years ago that he planned to seek a New Jersey seat in the House or the Senate have been heard recently less and less; may have had their inception in the fact that he has claimed New Jersey as his legal residence (in the 1940 election he cast his ballot there) and that he donated to that state High Fields, the 400-acre estate he occupied when his first-born was kidnaped.

Actually, there is nothing to prevent him from running for a seat from any of the forty-eight states in which he chooses to establish legal residence or voting privileges.

Minnesota, it has been suggested of late, is the state from which the former colonel—if he so desires—may most effectively spring into active political life.

In May of this year, the New York Times in a special dispatch from Washington said that reports were making the rounds of Republican circles there that Lindbergh was preparing to re-establish his voting privileges in Minnesota in the Sixth District so that he might become a candidate for the Congressional seat held by his father from 1907 to 1917.

One thing seemed wrong with the report. Colonel Lindbergh, in 1940, had already declined an excellent opportunity to run for Congress in Minnesota's Sixth District—one-time home of the Lindbergh family. That seat today is held by Representative Harold Knutson, who succeeded Lindbergh's father when he vacated it to become an unsuccessful candidate for the Senate. Last year Mr. Knutson, who admires Lindbergh, offered to step aside so that he might become a candidate for the office. Lindbergh declined. Mr. Knutson, who is also a noninterventionist, won by a whacking majority that might have been Lindbergh's.

It would seem—and Minnesota political circles take the possibility very seriously—that if Lindbergh as-

Next week Liberty will discuss Lindbergh's anti-Semitism under the title, Lindbergh—The Most Dangerous Man in America

pires to any political office in 1942 it will be that of senator from Minnesota.

To make the race, he will have to establish residence in Minnesota by March 8 of next year.

Since their return to the United States in 1939, the Lindberghs have occupied the Manor House, a large colonial farmhouse at Lloyd Neck, Long Island, New York. In August of this year they moved from Lloyd Neck to an island off the Massachusetts coast. Lindbergh's associates at America First headquarters in New York are inclined to shrug off rumors that he may establish residence in Minnesota, to explain his move to Massachusetts as a vacation, and to say they "presume" that he will return from there this fall to Lloyd Neck.

Actually, the Lindberghs are not returning to Lloyd Neck. The Manor House already has been leased to other tenants. Some of Lindbergh's former neighbors at Lloyd Neck understand that after spending the summer in Massachusetts, he plans to settle with his family "somewhere in the Middle West."

All of which may indicate that he plans to establish residence in Minnesota and run for the Senate or—since he is a restless man—may indicate nothing.

On May 10 of this year, under the auspices of America First, he made a speech in Minneapolis. The Auditorium, seating 12,000, was jammed. There were 500 standees and approximately 9,000 outside, half of whom remained standing in the rain to hear Lindbergh's speech.

In Minnesota—once known as the most radical state in the Union—isolationism today represents a strong, living philosophy. Richard A. Moore, assistant national director of America First, recently estimated that Minnesota stands seventh in America First membership totals among the forty-three states in which that nonpolitical organization has chapters.

Moreover, Minnesota holds a warm place in its heart for young Lindbergh, remembers gratefully that his congressman father was its first Farmer-Laborite candidate.

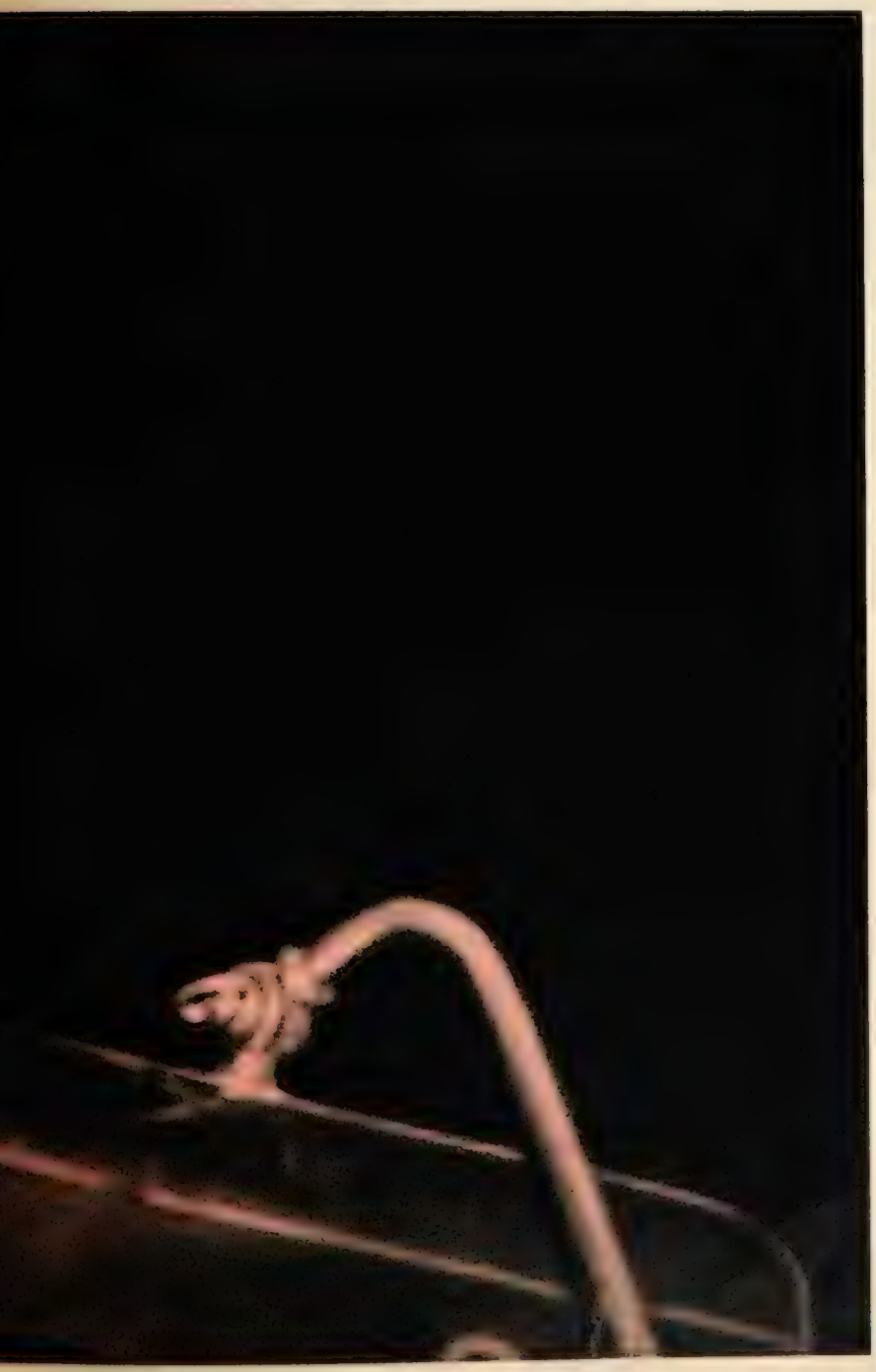
Political observers in Minnesota, therefore, found significance in the fact that when Lindbergh spoke there last May, a group of his fellow townsmen from Little Falls were brought together to meet with him. Nothing was said concerning any political future for him, but the informal get-together was looked upon by some as a "sampling" of his political charm.

Reports received from Richard L. Wilson, Washington correspondent for the Minneapolis Star-Journal, and from William P. Helm, former Washington correspondent of the Minneapolis Tribune, indicate that Lindbergh, as a leader of isolationism and as a potential candidate for the Senate in 1942, has aroused tremendous interest and watchfulness in Minnesota.

Lindbergh's best chance to obtain a Senate seat would be to win the Republican nomination in September. Minnesota today is Republican.

When, last year, Minnesota's Farmer-Laborite Senator Ernest Lundeen —an isolationist—was killed in an airplane crash, Minnesota's Republican governor, Harold E. Stassen, appointed Joseph Ball, a friend and former newspaperman, to the post.

When burly Harold Stassen, youngest governor in the United States, skipped a list of Republican eligibles to appoint his six-foot-tall friend Joseph Ball as the youngest member



BY
FRED ALLHOFF

Liberty explores the pros and cons of what may be an exciting political mix-up

of the United States Senate, he helped deepen a crack that had begun to appear in the Republican ranks in Minnesota. Old Guard members griped that Stassen won't even talk to any one who is more than thirty-five years old; complained that he refused to reward the faithful.

Ball, Stassen, and Wendell L. Willkie stand together in the struggle between isolationism and interven-

(*Continued on page 54*)

How Thyssen Was Kidnaped

BY VALERIU MARCU

☆ TOWARD the beginning of January, 1941, I read the following item in the local news column of Le Petit Niçois, a French daily newspaper in Nice: "Mr. Thyssen, a wealthy German industrialist, was yesterday arrested in Cannes."

The item was inconspicuous, casual; the town reporter who wrote it was obviously unaware of its significance. Arrests are of frequent occurrence in France; no policemen are as harsh and severe as defeated generals.

But, unlike their superiors, there are many humbler officials in France who remain in office only because they have no other means of subsistence and who are always glad to throw a monkey wrench into the schemes of the collaborationists. They have, so to speak, two separate souls in their bodies. One soul rejoices in every German setback, every Italian disaster, and is filled with new hope whenever England acquires a new ally. The other soul is burdened by personal worries; what will happen, it wonders, when Britain is victorious and a new, anti-German policy is instituted by a free French government? Will not the present officials be dismissed from their posts?

This preoccupation with the distant future is overshadowed only by immediate worries. The offices are crammed with informers whose job is to report to Vichy every remark made by their colleagues against Pétain or Hitler. The officials live under constant fear of denunciation. But for that very reason they are happy at every opportunity of exchanging a few words with a man whom they trust.

I went to see one of these officials, an old friend of mine whom I had often visited to tell him the news I heard from London on short-wave broadcasts. When I entered his home, he was scarcely able to conceal his curiosity. He made sure that there was no eavesdropper.

"My dear friend," I said, "today it is your turn. I have come to get some information from you. I want you to help me unmask a new betrayal by the Vichy administration." And I read him the item about Thyssen's arrest.

"Yes," he said, "I know."

"This little news item," I declared, "means another shameful surrender to Hitler! It is certainly not in the French interest to imprison a man who has published so many articles against the Nazis and who is a crown witness against the Third Reich. You must not hand over German anti-Nazis to Hitler. Such things are not done, even among barbarians."

"You are no doubt right," he replied, "but who can understand all that is taking place in our day?"

"We must find a way to give the alarm. You must help me," I said.

He remained silent.

"I don't ask you," I went on, "to release Thyssen. I know you can't do anything about that. But what you certainly can do is tell me some details about the crime. We need such details in order to make it impossible for Vichy to deny the facts. If we succeed in obtaining irrefutable proof of Thyssen's kidnaping, we may be able to save him."

The official began to see the point. "Unfortunately," he said, "I know no details. The whole thing is kept secret. But I can tell you where Thyssen lived in Cannes. Go to the Hotel Miramare; you might be able to find out something on the spot."

I hired a car and drove the fifteen miles to Cannes. It happened that I knew one of the porters in the Hotel Miramare—porters are always indispensable assistants. I began by speaking about the difficult times, and then suddenly asked him, "What has happened to Fritz Thyssen?"

"Fritz Thyssen? He used to live here and he was a generous guest. He has been here several times to spend his vacations."

"Very well," I said, "but where is your generous guest now?"

"Monsieur," he said in a frightened whisper, "please don't insist. I don't want to talk about this business. The police have strictly forbidden any mention of it."

"Now that you have told so much," I said, "I can well imagine what happened. You can tell me the rest."

In the café across the street, the porter was much less reticent. Three days previously, he related, a car bearing a Vichy license plate had stopped in front of the hotel. It was eight o'clock in the morning. Two men got out of the car, two others remained seated inside. They spoke French with a strong German accent. One of the men asked to see Herr Thyssen. The porter realized at once that these were policemen, but they kept pretending that they had come to see Thyssen only about purely personal matters. This game of hide-and-seek lasted for several minutes. The kidnapers would have preferred not to be known as such; this would have enabled the Vichy government to wash its hands of the whole business. But the porter was obstinate and they had to show identification cards. They had come directly from the Sûreté Générale headquarters in Vichy. "Gentlemen," said the porter, "Herr Thyssen always goes to bed late and takes sleeping medicine. The doctor does not allow him to get up before ten, and I refuse to awaken him before then."

To avoid further discussions that might have attracted attention, the two officials agreed to wait and installed themselves in the lobby. "But I succeeded," the porter told me, "in warning Thyssen. He was, no doubt, able to destroy important documents. At ten o'clock sharp the two officials entered his suite. They remained there for about half an hour. During that time one of the men who had been waiting in the car watched me; they did not want me to inform any one of their 'visit.' At ten thirty Thyssen, accompanied by the policemen, left the hotel. He had nothing but a small suitcase with him."

"And what since then?" I said.

"Nothing, except that yesterday a Vichy policeman paid a visit to our manager. He told him to keep silent about the incident, and I think he is going to investigate the origin of the news item in the Petit Niçois. I myself was grilled for a few hours."

"But how can you explain the fact that the news leaked out?" I asked.

"It is possible that the town reporter obtained the information from the maid and the elevator boy, who could not have helped noticing what went on. But since the publication of the news item no one has mentioned it. I am sure that today no one, aside from the Vichy people and yourself, is thinking about it. The papers are full of names of arrested people."

The porter stared sadly at his empty glass.

"Were you not surprised," I asked him, "that Thyssen remained in France? He could have gone to America long ago."

"I *was* surprised," he said, "to see

"At ten o'clock the two entered Thyssen's suite. At ten thirty, accompanied by them, he left the hotel."

him arrive here a few weeks ago. He came from Switzerland. He had gone to Lausanne after the armistice. But he needed the Riviera climate. He told me that the French consul in Geneva had assured him that he would be safe in France."

Later I learned that Thyssen had been kidnaped twice—that is, the process had involved two stages. The French police had arranged for his trip from Switzerland to France. He had to be lured to France; in Switzerland he would have been safe, for Switzerland does not deliver refugees. When he asked for permission to go to the French Riviera, the Vichy government transmitted his request to the German authorities.

The suspicion that Pétain's police is nothing but a tool for the Gestapo is corroborated by two other "extraditions," those of Rudolf Hilferding, former Finance Minister in the Weimar Republic, and Rudolf Breitscheid, former president of the German Social Democratic Party.

I spoke to them a few days before they were handed over to the Germans. They knew what had happened to Thyssen. Both had visas to the United States. They intended to leave France, but had postponed their departure because they wanted to settle some personal matters and did not suspect any danger. They were lulled to security by French officials. Adrien Marquet had personally declared to Breitscheid: "You will never be handed over to the Germans. I am giving you my word of honor. And if the Germans insist, we shall supply you with new passports under different names." And the prefect of the department of Bouches - du - Rhône had told Hilferding: "Your Excellency, you have a very low idea of the French. 'To hand over' is not a French expression."

Again and again I reminded them of Thyssen. But they refused to learn from his example. "After a long wait," they said, "we have finally obtained a legal exit visa. We don't want to undertake anything illegal. If Vichy had intended to hand us over, it would have refused us exit visas."

But the visas and the solemn assurances turned out to be only stratagems designed to give the two refugees a feeling of security. When they were arrested, they—like Thyssen before them—took no baggage, because the French police assured them that they were being taken away only to be hidden from the Germans, and that

Uncensored! A report by one who probed the mystery of the famous German's fate

they needed only money. Thus they were delivered to the Nazis.

The French government did its best to conceal the unpleasant fact of the kidnaping of Thyssen. When a newspaperman cabled the news to America, Vichy issued an impudent denial and ordered a Swiss newspaper devoted to Nazism to brand the report as a falsehood. I wrote at once to the newspaper giving lie to the denial and declaring myself ready to give all the details. My letter was unanswered.

It may be asked why the Vichy government, which has shown itself so shameless about many other things, should be so embarrassed about the publication of the facts concerning Thyssen. The answer is simple: Thousands of Frenchmen arrested by Vichy acting on orders from Berlin remain unknown to the world. These courageous men are presented as criminals. The same could not be done with the famous Thyssen. And this accounts for the silence.

Once again this proves what should be by now a commonplace: Vichy has only one enemy—the enemies of Hitler!

THE END

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

A great light dawned on this young man: He discovered love . . American style!

The Naturalization of Joe Mendoza

BY HECTOR CHEVIGNY

☆ THE day in 1912 on which Joe Mendoza was granted his first papers by the United States District Court at Los Angeles, he wore shoes to indicate respect and got very drunk to express his relief and pride.

Leaving the courthouse, he crossed the plaza to a crowded wineshop known as the Cantina of the Purified Saints, where he kicked over a domino game to attract attention, and shouted, "*Compadres*, today you will drink with me one hundred dollars' worth of wine to the United States." Then he glared around him belligerently and added, "And if any man intends the refusal, let him step up now and make the combat."

All of which was pretty strong stuff for Joe, who disliked wine because it made him sick, and who had never before spoken up in public because he was too shy. The shout of acceptance that went up from the crowded cantina made him darken further with pleasure and brought the loafers of the plaza on the run. And those who resented the fact that although Joe owned ten acres of fine truck farm in the San Fernando Valley and had over twenty thousand dollars in the bank he had never bought a drink for anybody quickly forgave him and proceeded to make up for lost time.

When, about midnight, a couple of hundred gratefully cheering *paisanos* filled to the gullets with wine, chili, and patriotic speeches lifted Joe into his buckboard and slapped his horse's rear to start him homeward, Joe was happily unconscious. Fortunately, his horse knew the thirteen miles to the ranch, where it arrived about 2 A. M. and whinneyed until Alonso Rivas, Joe's foreman, woke up and put it and Joe to bed. If white-haired old Rivas felt any surprise at seeing Joe for the first time in such a condition, he did not show it. Rivas always maintained the unquestioning attitude of employee to the land-owning *patrón*.

When, hours later, consciousness returned to Joe, he was afraid to open his eyes lest they pop from his head. It was therefore with inexpressible relief that he felt a cold damp cloth solicitously placed over his forehead. "Thank thee, Rivas," he managed to say in their dialect.

A girl's voice answered: "Quiet. Thou art not well."

Joe's mind struggled with the surprising idea that Rivas' daughter Cecilia was in his shack ministering to him in his devastating illness. "Father oversees gathering celery," she said, as if to explain her presence. "I," she added, "have just finished setting out the pepper plants."

Joe's soul flooded with shame. Here he had had himself a fine celebration, treating half the loafers in Los Angeles, and he had been forgetful of Rivas and his daughter, his faithful employees.

Joe managed to get his eyes open and look at her. She was standing beside his bunk, the bowl of cold water in her hand, regarding him with concern. She was dark too, but her irises were gray. The whites of her eyes were singularly clear and tinged with blue, showing superb health and, for some reason, giving her the appearance of having more than her share of fierce pride. She colored slightly under Joe's prolonged stare and dropped her eyes. "Maybe thou hadst better rise," she said in some confusion. "Señor Mitchell comes today." She paused at the door. "I will have hot coffee at our shack, if thou wishest." And she was gone.

Joe closed his eyes. If old Rivas was not worrying about his daughter, it was time he should, Joe decided; she was getting too attractive. The fact had already once caused trouble. Some months before, when the three of them, Cecilia, Joe, and Rivas, worked in the fields, a man stopped by who claimed to be a painter. Cecilia wore the short calico skirt pulled tight at the waist that allowed her strong, fine feet and knees greater freedom in the loose soil. The painter seemed to get very excited about something and wanted her to come to Los Angeles to pose for him, but old Rivas chased him away with a hoe and nothing came of it. No, Joe told himself, Cecilia was certainly not the gangling child she was when she had come to the ranch.

The reference to Señor Mitchell returned to his mind, and he managed to sit up. Bill Mitchell was his best customer, and was coming today to look at his prize tomatoes.

A qualm made him shudder as he stood up. Then his eye fell on his granted petition for naturalization on the table, and some of the previous day's elation surged back. It would not be long now before he owned the final patents attesting to his equality to all men. And it was Bill Mitchell who had overcome his shyness and made him ask for them. His heart warmed with affection for Bill. When he got his final papers—ah, then he would have a real celebration. The principal guests would be Bill, Rivas, and Cecilia. Cecilia! She thought of everything! She had understood his great illness. She was making him coffee. He had never done enough to reward the Rivases. What could he do? He must—

Joe suddenly clung to the table—not from dizziness but before the impact of an idea like a blow. Why not? He would marry Cecilia!

He felt certain she would agree—invincibly certain. He could ask, of course. He would ask as she poured him coffee. He hurriedly pulled on his dungarees. Rivas would agree, too. He would give Rivas a hundred dollars for Cecilia—no, by the saints, a thousand dollars and a home for life! She was worth it.

Outdoors he stopped his rush to feel the warm earth between his toes, and the hot sunshine. Ten cultivated acres, all his! Celery, potatoes, asparagus, tomatoes, peppers. Four windmills turned lazily in the hot wind, pumping water for the irrigation system. In a gully a few hundred yards off trickled the so-called Los Angeles River. Across the cabbage acre stood the barn and packing sheds. The Rivas' shack was covered with climbing roses. He resumed his hurried walk.

When Joe, at fourteen, came up from Mexico with a band of seasonal

The painter wanted her to pose for him, but old Rivos chased him away with a hoe.

migrant farmhands, there seemed nothing to distinguish him from his fellows, unless it was that he did not like to drink. Thereafter he successively tended lettuce at Salinas, grapes at Fresno, asparagus at Pacoima, until he saved enough to buy his first acre. It was good ground but cheap because considered too near the Los Angeles River, which sometimes swells under the torrential rains of winter to a roaring menace that jumps its banks. But to Joe this seemed a minor consideration. He built himself a shack without a floor, laid in a supply of bread, beans, and coffee, and had just enough left for a horse and a little equipment.

Some time later he came trundling a barrow on which reposed a watermelon big as a tub and several potatoes like footballs all the way into Los Angeles, and appeared on Produce Row, where he went from office to buyer's office, seeking bids on his crop, with the stuff on the barrow as samples. The buyers either laughed at him or were brusque, until he came to Bill Mitchell, who was then buyer for Atlas Produce Company. Bill thought he was being very funny when he solemnly offered Joe half over the market price if he could deliver so many wagonloads, each like the samples. Bill was considerably startled to have Joe fulfill his contract.

Joe thereafter considered Bill his friend and, as his first acre expanded to ten, the friendship paid off for Bill. When Joe's peppers arrived, they were always the biggest and reddest of anybody's. His lettuce was invariably large, compact, almost white inside. His celery was the finest, whitest, tenderest. His tomatoes were enormous yet full of flavor, his asparagus edible all the way. And he always gave Bill's outfit first pick.

Bill became his mentor. Joe had some idea of reading and writing English, but that was about all. Bill even had to show him how to bank his money and handle a checking account. Eventually Bill began urging him to become a citizen, painting the glory of being an American in glowing terms. Now that he had been admitted to the degree of first papers, his belief in Bill was boundless.

☆ DESPITE the bank account mounting into the thousands, Joe all this time never thought of changing his way of life. He continued living in his earth-floored shack and subsisting on bread, beans, and coffee.

He occasionally had to hire labor, of course; and not long after he started, a middle-aged, graying man happened by with a gray-eyed, gangling child of uncertain age. Because the man happened to lapse into the Chihuahua dialect, Joe took him on as foreman. Rivas proved trustworthy and better at handling labor than Joe, who had no judgment about money, so Joe let him build himself and the child a second shack on the place.

As Cecilia grew up, she worked with the plants too, and quickly proved to have the beginnings of Joe's skill. Joe began allowing her to do delicate tasks he never allowed Rivas, who was comparatively clumsy, and often they worked together.

And now she was a woman—darkened by the sun, of course, but slim, hard, and proudly straight of back—and Joe Mendoza hurried across his fields to drink the hot coffee she would pour him with a smile, and tell her that he desired her to make his coffee the rest of her life.

He was so intent he did not hear Bill Mitchell's first hail from the barn, where the produce buyer had tied up his horse. When Joe realized his friend had come, he turned at once to meet him with a warm embrace.

Bill disengaged himself with Irish embarrassment. "Well, still feelin' good, huh? I heard you ripped the town open. But that's all right, Joe. Glad to see you take a dollar and have some fun. Well, how about them beefsteaks?"

Joe took him to view his prize tomatoes. As Bill signed the order for them he said jokingly, "There, add that to all the dough you're savin' up for when you die."

Joe rubbed his ear. The idea seemed new to him. "W'at you mean?"

Bill carefully blew his nose. You never knew, with Joe, into what morass of explanations your most chance remark might lead. "What can I mean?" he said, after due thought. "Why save up dough just to have relatives fight over it after you're dead? Why, you must have over twenty thousand bucks in the banks by now. This is no way to live." He saw the cloud gather over Joe's friendly smile and he hastened to add, "Now, don't get me wrong. I'm just suggesting you get some fun out of life. What I can't figure out's why you don't get married."

Joe's face cleared instantly. Now he understood his friend. "*Vaya*," he said, "is truth. Joe put heem off too long now." And he grinned. "I marry Cecilia. Is soon, maybe."

"Fine, fine," said Bill heartily. "I'll see all the boys on the Row send presents. Who's Cecilia? That girl around here with the—" And Bill gestured with one hand to indicate an attractive silhouette.

Joe nodded happily. "Sure." Then he added in a burst of confidence, "I make Rivas pay of thousan' dollar'."

"Well, that's fine, Joe. In fact—Huh, what was that?"

Joe repeated the story of his intended generosity.

Bill stared at him in horror. "You mean—you'd give a thousand dollars for a *wife?*"

Joe's smile fled. "Too motch?"

Bill Mitchell was horrified. "Now just a minute. Are you in love with this girl?"

Joe looked puzzled. "Een loave?" he asked. "W'at thees—'een loave'?"

"Why, to be in love is— Hang it, don't you even know what love is?"

Joe looked at the ground. Bill's tone told him to be ashamed.

"You mean to tell me," asked Bill with unconcealed severity, "that you're thinkin' of goin' out and buyin' some wife without even knowin' what love is, or whether she's in love with you? Why, Joe! This ain't some foreign country—this is the U. S. A."

"W'at that 'een loave'?" repeated Joe sullenly.

"Why, love is—well, love's a funny feeling down in your gizzard about some woman."

"Geezzard?" asked Joe, frowning.

"Yeah; like too much wine. Now, does Cecilia give you that feeling?"

Joe had to admit, quickly, that Cecilia did not give him that feeling at all. Quite the contrary. "But maybe I get her for hunder' dollar'," he put in hopefully.

This made Bill lose his temper. "All I can say is that I'm surprised, Joe. Surprised and shocked! We don't do things like that in this country. Take it from me, that's un-American. What do you think them papers you got yesterday stand for—buyin' wives? Not on your life, Joe! Them papers stand for love."

And Bill turned on his heel to walk back to the barn and his buggy. Joe watched him go in deep distress. Never before had his friend been angry with him. Evidently he had been on the verge of something that outraged Bill, that might even—Joe gasped—imperil his getting his final papers.

All his elation fled, he continued his walk to the Rivas shack. Then he remembered he was going to face Cecilia. He stopped. He obviously

THE AUTHOR

Hector Chevigny was born in Montana of French-Canadian parents, went to school in Spokane and Seattle. After a short time in business he turned to writing, which seemed to suit him better. He has been staff writer for a Seattle radio station, director of script for the Columbia network in Hollywood, and is currently writing radio scripts for Charles Boyer.

could not face Cecilia until he thought this out. He returned to his own shack, lay down, and stared at the ceiling.

He lay there the rest of the day. Bill was so right about everything. Evidently it was wrong for him to marry Cecilia, but why? And what was this love business, anyway? Toward sundown, with lack of food and the effort of thinking, his brain was washed by waves of cruel pain and he was ill indeed.

So he did not hear Cecilia's anxious knock on the door or her soft footfall when she came in. He did not know she was there until he saw her staring at him solicitously. "It is not good to be without food in this sickness," she said.

Joe turned his face to the wall and gritted his teeth. Why had she come to torment him with her presence? "I have food in the house," he managed to say.

"I have made soup of the garbanzos you like, and there will be more coffee," she said. "Please come."

He turned and raised himself on one elbow. "Did I not tell thee I have food?" he said roughly. "Go. Get out."

The girl stared at Joe in unbelief. She had never heard him speak harshly before.

"Canst thou not understand?" asked Joe. "Is this the place for a woman? Has thy father taught thee no pride?" He wanted to hurt her, for no reason he could understand; but most of all he wanted to hurt himself. "And thou hadst no authority to put out pepper plants this morning without me."

The color washed back into the girl's face and neck in a quick hot wave. She straightened and her eyes flashed angrily. "Forgive me, señor," she said, falling back on formal speech. "I assure you, it will not happen again." And she walked from the shack.

☆ DAWN found Joe in a grim mood. He hurriedly ate, then harnessed the buckboard to go see Bill in Los Angeles and find out just what he meant. If Bill meant he had been about to violate some custom connected with citizenship, he meant to do his duty as others did; but there was his happiness to be considered too. And surely, if one has money and desires the only child of an old man like Rivas to wife, even the Constitution must admit the only decent thing to do is make him a substantial payment. All this he meant to tell Bill.

But he walked into Bill's office at a bad time for any very illuminating discussion. Bill faced a mountain of work on his desk.

"Please, Joe," he broke in when he could, "have a heart today, will you? I got all these invoices to check."

"No," said Joe evenly. "Yesterday you say sometheeng ees bad. Now you tell w'y."

"Because it's un-American," snapped Bill. "Doesn't that make sense? They fought a war once in this country over people buyin' and sellin' other people. And if I hear any more about this, I, for one, won't be there as your witness when you go to get your second papers."

Joe paled at this. Bill saw the look of dismay and took a kindlier tone.

"Joe, I said yesterday I only wanted to see you get some fun out of life. Can you do it with somebody you bought like a horse? And what about the girl? The Declaration of Independence says this country's dedicated to the proposition of everybody bein' free and equal, and that all have a crack at life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. So you can see what the government would think of all this, don't you? No, Joe. Wipe this Cecilia off the slate. Love will come along one of these days. And that reminds me—look out they ain't after your money."

"How I know that?" asked Joe, his head beginning to ache again trying to grasp Bill's elusive logic.

Bill told him you often recognize true love by the woman's disdain of money. This warmed him to his subject, and he dwelled movingly on the spectacle of the United States of America as the great stamping ground of true love, where all Old World ideas of money entering in as a factor had been done away with.

☆ JOE drove home in the deepest perplexity. One thing only made sense: if he wished to be a citizen he could not marry Cecilia.

It made him sad. He did not want to fall in love, he wanted to marry Cecilia. He weighed the advantages of Cecilia against being a good American, and was mightily tempted to take Cecilia; but this thought he resolutely put from him. *I will fall in love some day and be a good American,* he told himself sternly. And at least in the meantime he could see Cecilia about the place and work with her, and that would help matters.

But I hurt her badly. I was very rude. For that I must make amends. He decided he would apologize humbly, explain he had been sick and had not meant what he said, and thus get things back on the old happy basis.

He went first to look at the forcing frames, near which Rivas was forking over some fertilizer. Joe lifted a frame cover to peer in. He looked up in surprise. "Why were not these red cabbage put out this morning, as I ordered? They are grown spindling."

Rivas carefully wiped sweat from his forehead. "Thou dost not like me to put out such tender plants," he reminded his employer respectfully.

"Then why has Cecilia not set them out?"

Rivas looked at the ground uncomfortably. "My daughter says she will work only in the house from now on."

Joe stared at his foreman, whose eyes dropped with embarrassment.

"So she says, *patrón.* She says she is a woman now." Then he added, after a little cough, "It might be best, *patrón,* if thou didst not come into the house awhile. She is much like her mother. Once her mother threw some plates at me when I—"

"Enough," said Joe icily. "Be assured I will not bother thy daughter further." *So that is the way she intends to act,* he thought savagely. *She thinks she is proud. Well, I am proud too. She, too, loves the plants and soon will come begging me to work with them again. Then I too will be very cold and formal.*

He worked doggedly all afternoon, but she did not appear. Joe ate alone that evening in an unlovely mood. Nor did she appear the next day.

He found that evening impossible to stand alone in his shack. He dug up some bills and silver from the floor and set out for Los Angeles.

☆ HE entered a bar off the plaza, ordered a glass of wine, handed the waitress a five-dollar bill. "For me?" she asked, astonished. When Joe nodded, pretending not to watch her face, she put the bill in her stocking and gave him a smile of unmistakable invitation. Joe abruptly got up and left. He crossed the street to a poolroom, saw a sullen-faced woman back of the cigar counter, and stopped to buy a cigar with a five-dollar bill. When she understood the change was hers, her sullenness changed in a flash to the most inviting friendliness. Joe threw the cigar into a spittoon and walked out.

By eleven o'clock Joe had left more than two hundred dollars in the hands of some very surprised women. His thoughts on the way home were not pleasant. Something about this evening's adventures disgusted him profoundly. Bill had been proved right, as usual; women uninterested in money were indeed few. If so many could change from sullen indifference, even hostility, for five dollars, what would they not do for twenty-five thousand? He wished, suddenly, that he did not own a dollar or harbor ambitions to become a citizen.

At dawn he got up, determined to put an end to all this nonsense and get back to the happy old ways without delay, even at the price of humbling himself abjectly to Cecilia. He fiddled in the packing shed until she came out to hang some washing on the line. Joe walked by. "It goes slowly in the fields without thee," he said humbly.

She did not answer, but continued to pin clothes to the line.

"What canst thou find all day to do in a house?" he asked.

"There are clothes to be washed and bread to be baked," she said.

He moved hastily out of her way. "If it is a matter of wages—" he began hesitantly.

She gave him a scornful glance as she pinned the last shirt to the line, and walked into the house.

But Joe felt curiously better as he went to his tomato acre to work. At least she had spoken to him again. He was busily trimming suckers from the plants when a thought set him back on his heels. Of course! The way to signify his sorrow at the hurt he had done her pride was by some gift. Now, what present could he give?

(*Continued on page 46*)

READING TIME • 6 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

Is South America the Bunk?

BY GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

Two sides of a question about which we need wisdom . . A candid challenge—and a reply

☆ WHENEVER there's a war or something, Americans grow excited about South America. It is to be the land of our future. To it we are to send our surplus. Then we resume our normal relations with the rest of the world and our excitement over South America subsides.

It is curious that when we speak of South America we hardly think of a continent. We think rather of a sort of appendage to the United States. Yet it is a continent of big countries —the Argentine alone has about one third the area of the United States, and Brazil is as large as the United States, perhaps a trifle larger. They are quite independent of us and do not think of themselves as the tail end of the United States.

There are Americans who, in their present excitement over hemispheric co-operation, do not seem to realize that South American countries are peopled by the cultured as well as by the peasant; that South American governments pursue their own policies; and that the South Americans enjoy an economic life which has a specific character. Their main business is exporting raw materials and foodstuffs. Their principal markets have ever been on the continent of Europe, except for coffee. We take most of the coffee from Brazil.

The United States has never developed a tremendous business with any South American country. In the first place, the distance between American and European markets is shorter than between most American and South American markets. Secondly, the South Americans raise the same foodstuffs that we do in a surplus profusion, and they have nowhere developed a national economy to warrant the purchase of our high-priced manufactured goods.

Professor Eugene Staley, in an article, The Myth of the Continents, taking Madison, Wisconsin, as a good central point in the United States, shows that no capital in Europe is as far from Madison as Buenos Aires. Only Athens is as far as Rio de Janeiro. (Of course, if these distances were measured from New York, all the European capitals and markets would be closer than either Buenos Aires or Rio.) Measure such distances on a map for yourself, and you will make the startling discovery that, from the standpoint of economic and political realism, our hemisphere includes the European countries of the North Atlantic rather than the distant countries of South America. It is formed not only by geography but by the traditions and history and habits of our people.

From the standpoint of racial and linguistic affinities, the United States is part of northern Europe and has no relationship to South America. The language of this country is English. The languages of South America are basically Spanish and Portuguese, with dialects and patois resulting from admixtures of Indian tongues. The basic racial stock of the American people is English, German, Irish, Scotch, and Scandinavian. These peoples are more or less related, and nearly all come of a basic north European stock. The bulk of the South American populations is Indian, with admixtures of Spanish, Portuguese, and Negro. It is the basic racial and national stocks which form the pattern of the thought and life of a people. Our institutions stem from roots in England; those of the Argentine stem from roots in Spain. And that makes all the difference in the world. And the distinctions to which I call attention are equally true for all the countries of South America and even for those of Central America; hence the lack of any fundamental basis for understanding between them and us. We both live in lands west of Europe and east of Asia. That is the most we have in common.

As to trade and commerce, the hue and cry about the great American future in South America is sheer bunk.

Let us look at a few figures. The exports of American goods for good years—say, between 1926-30—averaged $4,777,314,000 a year. In 1939 these exports amounted to $3,177,176,000, and that year already included a certain amount of war goods. During 1939 the order of exports was as follows: to Europe, $1,289,753,000; to Asia, $561,572,000; to South America, $329,127,000. And if we included our exports to Canada and Mexico, South America, as a continent, would take fifth place. Let me break these figures down a little. In 1939 the three countries to which the United States exported most were: United Kingdom, $505,404,000; Canada, $498,170,000; Japan, $247,935,000. Whereas our largest customers in South America were: Brazil, $80,345,000; Argentina, $70,945,000; Colombia, $51,277,000.

These are the cold facts of the situation, and all the talk of hemisphere interests and all the ballyhoo about the art and culture of South America will not change this picture. Our trade with South America never equals our trade with Europe or Asia. There are sound reasons for that.

The United States has, throughout our economic history, exported more raw materials and foodstuffs than manufactured goods. We supplied Europe's lack of wheat, meat, fats, oils, cotton, tobacco, and many metals. Before the depression, for 1926-30, our exports of raw cotton and automobiles, for instance, averaged annually as follows: cotton, $765,674,000; automobiles, parts and accessories, $406,164,000. But for 1939 that picture was changed: cotton, $242,965,000; automobiles, parts and accessories, $253,722,000. So we lost in our market for one of our principal export commodities, but did not gain in the market for our best known manufactured commodity. In fact, automobiles show a decrease. South American countries, however, are growing cotton for export to Europe.

As for wheat and meat, the Argentine looms as our chief competitor in all the world. The pay crop of the Argentine is wheat; they have to sell it to live. Their next most important commodity is cattle and they have to sell their beef. We cannot afford to buy either without bringing poverty and distress to Americans living in seven Western states, which were already suffering severely from the strain of this competition when the present European war came along and temporarily rescued them. But what none of us knows at this moment is whether the meat and wheat shipments to Europe are paid for or are part of a lend-lease arrangement—that is, whether we are paying to support our own exports. And when we stop paying the bills, will the importing countries go back to the less ex-

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Our Latin-American Lifeline

BY WALTER KARIG

☆ IN their tardy awakening to the policy of the good neighbor, the people of the United States still think too much in terms of South America. They forget—and the critics of Pan-American co-operation deliberately ignore—the vitally important fact that hemispherical policy embraces all *Latin* America, and that Latin America begins at our own southern borders. Half of the Latin-American republics are on the North American continent, or on islands just off its coast.

We cannot learn our needed geography lesson by accepting, as Mr. Sokolsky does, the false premise of Professor Eugene Staley that Madison, Wisconsin, is the center of the United States and that Latin America begins in Buenos Aires, two thirds of the way down South America. So long as we are drawing lines on a map, let us pick St. Louis, Missouri, as being nearer the heart of the United States, and draw one from there to the nearest spot on the European continent. Now swing the European end of that line in an arc southward, and see what it will traverse: the great eastward bulge of Brazil, nearest place in the Americas to the Old World; Bolivia, Ecuador, Peru, Colombia, and Venezuela, all in South America; and Panama, Costa Rica, Honduras, Guatemala, San Salvador, Mexico, Nicaragua, Cuba, Haiti and the Dominican Republic in North America.

In other words, fifteen of the twenty Latin-American republics are nearer St. Louis than any place in Europe is. The great majority of our Latin-tongued fellow Americans live nearer us than any Europeans. And if we, more logically, start drawing our line from New Orleans instead of Madison, we can make the line come within an easy automobile ride of Buenos Aires.

So much for distances. Actually, in our international intercourse, we figure time plus distance from the great Atlantic seaport of New York and of course by steamer from there one can reach Europe more quickly than the more distant South American ports. It will not be long, however, before the Pan-American Highway is completed and we will be able to take the family trailer and visit the wonders of farthest Latin America. And may heaven speed the day! There are wonders indeed. And there are peoples and races who are friendly, admiring, generous, and hospitable—Americans all!

Put all that aside, and still Latin America is of vital importance to the United States, and we to it. If it was not so in the days before the airplane and the radio, it has become so and grows more and more so.

Mr. Sokolsky argues that, "from the standpoint of racial and linguistic affinities," the United States is more akin to northern Europe than to its sister continent. "Our institutions," he says, "stem from roots in England; those of the Argentine from roots in Spain." So be it. No argument. Both the Anglo-Saxon and the Hispanic cultures are magnificent. What is happening in the Americas is a hybridizing of the two, and the fruits which the new Pan-American strain already begins to bear promise incalculable benefits to mankind.

Esthetically we are beginning to learn much from our Latin-American neighbors, just as they are from us. That mutual gain will increase. Meanwhile, in medicine, in chemistry, in surgery, in engineering and scientific farming, Latin America looks to *us*. Now that the schools and laboratories of Europe are closed to it, or so perverted by fake Fascist ideology that no clear-eyed knowledge seeker will waste time at them, the Latin Americans are coming to us in ever-growing numbers. It should be more of a two-way traffic.

Europe courted Latin America. It offered scholarships. For forty years Germany has made a specialty of trading Latin-America's military leaders *free*. We ignored them. Now we are harvesting the bitter fruit of our indifference as German-inspired turmoil seethes in some of the armies of Latin America. *Hitler knew that the shortest way to the United States was by way of Latin America!*

Materials produced in the other American republics are of great wartime importance to the United States and will be of even greater importance to our peacetime economy. Without the copper, manganese, tungsten, wolfram, tin, antimony, mercury, nitrates, mica, lead, zinc, molybdenum, and other important metals as well as the wool and hides which the United States is importing from South America, our national defense effort would be stalled. Any one who says we would soon develop synthetic substitutes for these raw materials is simply talking through his fedora, and anybody who says we could be a prosperous self-sufficient nation if Nazi conquest closed our access to Latin-America's products is either fooled or fooling.

We may have to depend upon our Latin neighbors for our rubber. We have found it more economical to buy rubber from Asia because of the miserably low wages paid Oriental labor. Science, and the combined efforts of American—North and South American—biologists have now produced a strain of rubber tree which yields three times as much as any Asiatic strain with the same work, and in a few years *better paid* Latin-American workers will produce *cheaper* rubber for the United States.

To state that the value of products obtained from the other American republics is insignificant, or that the United States does not and cannot export any appreciable amount of goods to these countries, is equivalent to saying that $2,500,000,000 worth of foreign trade is of no importance to us.

Mr. Sokolsky publishes an interestingly misleading set of statistics. Here is the answer to them in terms of imports by the United States from Latin America: 1939, $518,000,000; 1940, $620,000,000; 1941 (4 months), $340,000,000.

In our exports to South America, the statistics of the State and Commerce departments pose this parallel: 1939, $569,000,000; 1940, $727,000,000; 1941 (4 months), $272,000,000.

It isn't what used to be done but what is being done that counts. Our 1941 business with Latin America is going to be in the neighborhood of two and a half *billion* dollars, if money is the selected yardstick. If usable worth is, then our commerce with our neighbors is priceless. Without it we would be defenseless. And just kiss that business good-by and see what would happen to the standard of living in the United States!

But Mr. Sokolsky is eminently correct when he says that "when there is a war, or something, we grow excited about South America," and that we forget it in times of peace. That is no reason for being dumb clucks this time. For Latin America is an untapped market, with potential buying power comparable only to Asia's remoter and less willing hordes.

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Breath of Life

☆ DR. THERON LEWIS, his hospital work finished, goes back to the farm where he was born for a short visit with his stepmother before starting as assistant to Dr. Allen, a famous New York obstetrician. While on his brief vacation he performs, in difficult circumstances, a Caesarian operation which wins him the unbounded admiration of Jenny Barton, a young nurse and the granddaughter of old Doc Barton, who encouraged Ron to take up medicine as a career.

Jenny thinks of Ron a great deal after he returns to New York, but he thinks only of his work and of Lydia, Dr. Allen's beautiful but spoiled and selfish daughter, with whom he is in love. They become engaged on Christmas Day, and soon after —Dr. Barton having died—Jenny writes to Ron and asks if he will help her get a job in a New York hospital. He arranges for her to go to Lister Memorial. Jenny is thrilled at the prospect of seeing him again and admits to herself that she is in love with him. To her surprise, he meets her at the station, and with him is Lydia —whom he introduces as his fiancée.

PART THREE—THE WAY OF A MAID WITH A MAN

☆ JENNY BARTON fitted into the crowded, rigorous life of Lister Memorial Hospital as a supple hand into the properly sized glove. She had been trained in an institution almost as large in another great city, and the atmosphere was familiar to her.

In the private pavilion at Lister graduate nurses far outnumbered the students. In the wards and on semi-private floors there were more student nurses, under graduate charge nurses. Jenny, having satisfied the requirements, was assigned to day duty on the obstetrical floor, in the private pavilion. She would have preferred the ward. A ward offered more life, more color. It teemed with excitement. It was a cross section of humanity, imbued with sharing, sympathy, and curiosity. On the private floors the majority of patients had special nurses for part or all of their stay; solicitous families waited in charming reception rooms; the specials went briskly about their duties; famous doctors, accompanied by internes, made pontifical appearances.

Jenny's quarters in the Nurses' Home were comfortable and she liked the girls with whom she came in contact. They were, for the most part, cordial and helpful, and in a month's time she felt as if she had always been at Lister.

Her contacts with Ron Lewis were frequent. She saw him when he made his rounds with Dr. Allen or when he came alone. And, during her first weeks at Lister, Dr. Allen had two patients on floor care.

Off duty, too, she saw Ron, usually through the insistence of Lydia Allen that she dine with them; and they often took her to the theater. The first time Ron had to leave in the middle of the second act, but she and Lydia remained and later returned to the Allen apartment, where Ron joined them for something to eat and afterward, over Jenny's protests, drove her home. Lydia came with them. She said, laughing, "Darling, if you think I'd let you out of my sight with any one as attractive as Jenny . . .!"

She was charming to Jenny. "You'll let me call you that, won't you?" she asked on their second encounter. And Jenny, who believed in people, and whose cool judgment was subservient and secondary to her naturally warm-hearted impulses, found herself wholly enchanted. Lydia seemed so—natural, and, under her bright glancing sophistication, so young. Younger than I am, thought Jenny. I suppose it's because she's always been so sheltered.

Ron Lewis as a friend, as a man whom she respected and admired, compelled her affection and her loyalty. He had been, he was, so very kind to her. Her grandfather had loved him. Their initial introduction had been dramatic, one you would not easily forget. In a very few minutes you made strides in friendship that could not be covered in years in different circumstances. She told herself ruefully that she had quite fallen in love with him during those extraordinary few moments in Bill Treat's little cottage.

That wasn't unusual. She was given to falling in love with medical genius, outstanding skill. All through her training she had happily and hopelessly adored the chief in surgery, a man nearing sixty, happily and very much married, with grown children.

Ron Lewis was, however, a special case. In the first place, she had heard of him ever since coming to live with her grandfather. Between Dr. Barton's and Mamie's stories, a clear picture had emerged of a brilliant, hard-working young man and of a lazy and engaging youngster.

Yes, she had known all about Ron Lewis, and was perfectly willing to accept the picture his doting narrators had drawn. When she saw him, she had thought, in that split instant when he rushed into the room and took things in his own hands, almost before she had adjusted herself to the shock of Lily's death, But he's so *attractive*.

She had thought of that attraction—of his eyes, of his hands, of his lean, hard body—during the months before she came to New York. She had a right, she told herself stoutly, to idealize him—even to fall in love with him secretly, a little amused by her own emotion. She hadn't known that

"But I'm not an actress," said Lydia, lying on the green grass in the garden.

ILLUSTRATOR HY PUBI"

Has a girl the right to fall in love even secretly—when he belongs to somebody else?

BY FAITH BALDWIN

he was not free, not until she saw him again, in the station with Lydia beside him.

Now, of course, she had no right. She would no longer think of him "in that way," she told herself vaguely. He belonged to some one else. So she adjusted herself to think of him in an entirely different fashion.

And I can, too, she reminded herself. I wasn't *really* in love with him. It was hearing so much about him, meeting him in that way. There are hundreds of other men, free men.

Not that she was determined to meet them and to imperil their freedom. She was young, her life was all before her, and she had a profession which was paramount to her. She couldn't talk about it—to Lydia, for instance, who wouldn't understand; to Ron, yes, if the occasion ever arose; to her grandfather always, while he lived. But not even to the nurses with whom she came in daily contact, several of whom became her intimates as time went on, could she express the clear passionate flame which burned steadily within her and which superseded everything else.

Having—as she thought—adapted her relationship with Ron to her satisfaction, she was willing, even eager, to admit Lydia to her small close circle of friends. Lydia was kind and gay, full of fun. Jenny didn't mind some of the things she said. . . . She's crazy, she told herself affectionately. It's just the way people rattle on down here; they don't mean it. Besides, Lydia had always had everything. She had led a life so entirely dissimilar from Jenny's that it was sheer fascination to sit and listen to her, to acquire brief dazzling glimpses of that life.

Paris and London, the Riviera, the Italian lakes, the Basque country, the Alps, in other days. Chestnut trees, blue water, gambling casinos, white beaches. The California desert, blossoming into the resort rose; the golden sands of Florida; the mountainous green islands of the Caribbean. Newport and Bar Harbor, the Hamptons and Aiken—Lydia knew them all, the storied places. She knew Hawaii and the indigo waters; she knew distant mountains and scalloped seashores, hidden New England towns and great cities.

Polo and yachting, tennis matches and golf tournaments, the sidewalks of New York, the glamorous places, the night clubs and restaurants—she knew them all.

It amused her to talk of them, and of people of whom Jenny had read in the public prints, and to watch Jenny's dark eyes widen with an innocent, breathless wonder.

"I like your Jenny," said Lydia to Ron. "She's so utterly naïve, so—so credulous, poor girl. She listens to me as if I were a living page from Grimm or Andersen. We must take her out more, darling. She works hard; she deserves it."

He caught her to him. When Lydia was kind she was adorable. Yet more than once he had caught her in a moment of callous cruelty. . . . That crass little woman who had come to dinner one night. She was vulgar, she was a snob and a fool—but Lydia need not have made it so apparent.

If Aunt Sammy had asked Mrs. What's-her-name to dine at the Allens' in order to corner a portion of her very large, newly acquired bank account for Aunt Sammy's pet charity, if Mrs. What's-her-name had accepted because a dining acquaintance with the Blue Book Mrs. Oland and her brother was infinitely to be desired—well, Lydia should have known better than to make the poor idiot of a woman uncomfortable. Not that she had sufficient brains to realize all Lydia was doing, drawing her out, her bright head on one side and her eyes fixed on the plain, too painted face. But even so—

He had spoken to her about it. "You made fun of her," he accused. "It was very cruel."

"Nonsense," said Lydia briskly. "She didn't know it, and besides, she rated it. What a woman!"

She was merciless with pretentiousness and stupidity. She was impatient with fools. That was one side of her. On the other, she was charming to her father always, tolerant with Aunt Sammy, generous with her friends—if sometimes she tired of them rather quickly, after a sudden devoted intimacy; and when she tired she washed them up. "I can't endure her any more," she'd say. "She's gone all Christian and forbearing—she *bores* me."

Lydia couldn't bear to be bored.

She was marvelous with servants, Ron learned. They adored her; they worked themselves to the bone for her. She demanded a great deal but appreciated what was given.

And with Jenny she was perfection. She'd say, when Ron was absent: "I wish you'd known him when he was a little boy. But you couldn't, of course, at your age. I wish I knew more about him."

Jenny would oblige with all she had learned through Mamie and Dr. Barton, and slowly built up a credible two-dimensional picture of young Ron Lewis. Lydia, in her heart, viewed it with some impatience. Too pat, too storybook. Local boy makes good. Oh, of course, all the fine, unswerving, hard-working qualities. If he hadn't had them he wouldn't be Elwood Allen's assistant. But she thought, I wish he were more—plastic, more vulnerable.

Ron would be hard to live up to, Lydia decided. She was a realist. It would take a bit of doing to change

him—even a little; to mold him her way. But she would manage.

Like all men, she thought a little scornfully, he was susceptible on his physical side. An offered unexpected kiss, a spontaneous—or spontaneous seeming—caress, a touch, a word of more than affection, moved him much more deeply than any logical argument or display of sheer reason. Lydia, cool as her eyes, cool as her voice, was faintly disgusted. But men were like that, she assumed. Women possessed this weapon, and therefore used it, even when it was distasteful.

☆ SHE did not really mind a demonstration of affection. She liked it. It warmed her mind if not her blood; it amused her to call it forth; it satisfied her. But more than affection was not tolerable. Still—that wasn't her fault, was it? Long ago, in her nineteenth year, she had known and greatly admired a very famous actress who had summered in the Hamptons. They had become real friends.

"You're like me," said the older woman. "You'll have a bad time often. Me"—she shrugged her celebrated shoulders—"I haven't a spark of honest emotion. I've had three husbands. I used them, all three. I was even very fond of two of them. One taught me to act; one gave me money and leisure; and the third an excellent social position at a time when most stage women rated a place far below the salt in the better-type households. Nowhere does a sense of theater, timing, and careful application to every nuance of your role serve a woman of my type in better stead than in the —intimacies. It is a curious thing to pretend emotions which you have never felt. Your mind sits in a corner and watches, and is alternately horrified, amused, and applauding. But it's wise, my dear. And if things get too unpleasant there are always migraines —or a tricky heart—or unavoidable fatigue. That's how I played it. That's how you can play it."

"But I'm not an actress," said young Lydia, lying on the green grass of the actress' little garden.

"All women are, and you'll be a very good one," prophesied her friend. "You've a good mind, you're selfish as hell, you've the sort of a face and a body utterly irresistible to most men—that untouched, remote look gets them every time—and you have will power. I'd like to live to see what you'll become—but I won't."

That May Lydia had found the little apartment Ron had been looking for. She took Jenny to see it on her hours off. It was near the East River, not too far from the office, and not at all Sutton Place. It stood, a raw new building, square and uncompromising, in a street filled with noise and children playing in the gutter, brownstone shabby houses, some of them converted into basement restaurants with garish neon signs—Tony's Chop House, Nelly's Kitchen, and the like. There was a grocery store on the corner. You could hear the rumble of the el.

But it was convenient, the rooms were rather large and light, and the price was one Ron felt he could afford. The outside appearance was solidly respectable and the little entrance lobby clean and well lighted.

The apartment was on the top floor, and if you had a good imagination you could see over to the river. There were two bedrooms.

"Must have," she'd said firmly.

"But why?" Ron gave up. His training informed him that two bedrooms were preferable and hygienic. His integral background and ancestry was convinced that two bedrooms were unnecessary and too newfangled. And his heart was desolate. Much had been written and spoken of the departure of glamour when a man and woman were forced to live under each other's feet in cramped quarters. You know the sort of thing they say. No one is at his or her best in the dawnlight. There's a matter of an unshaven jowl, or the last traces of cold cream, or disheveled coiffures, or a cold in the head. But that was surface stuff, sophistry. A man who can't love a woman with a cold in her head has never loved her; a woman who shudders away from the new rough beard isn't a woman at all. Marriage isn't glamour. Marriage is intimacy, sharing, and the beauty which is in the loyal, the dazzled, the always illusioned eye of the beholder.

Lydia said, "It's extravagant of me, isn't it?" She looked at him as they stood together in the empty apartment, for the agent had tactfully left them alone. "But . . . I can't help it, darling. I've never slept in the room with anybody, except on rare occasions when I've had a friend spend the night with me and the house was full and we had to double up. And then I couldn't sleep, and I hated it. Besides," she added, and put her arm through his, "I want to look always beautiful—for you—"

"You do—you will—"

"That's what you think; but wait till after the first year," she said, smiling —"and I couldn't, not at such close quarters. Angel, you're wonderful. You deal with women all day long and know nothing whatever about them."

Well, this was the right apartment, two bedrooms or none. He said, "All right, Lydia, if that's the way you want it."

She wouldn't take the apartment that day. She said, "We'll look further, think things over. Don't worry. It's a new house; it isn't even half rented as yet. I'd like Jenny to see it."

Jenny, standing there in the bright spring sunlight, cried, "It's perfect!"

"Don't be a fool," said Lydia crossly, and at the expression which flashed over Jenny's face was instantly contrite.

"I'm sorry—I didn't mean it. I'm tired, that's all. Of course it's perfect, just what we want," she agreed. "I'll tell Ron tonight that we'll take it."

☆ RON looked in that night on his way home. He was very tired. Allen was out of town on a consultation, and Ron had delivered one of their clinic cases that morning—a difficult one. He had just been back to the hospital to see his patient, and had made Allen's rounds on private floor.

He said, as Lydia came out to the hall to meet him, "I'm dead—I can't stay a moment."

"Drink?" she asked.

"A short one, perhaps; lots of water." He sat down on the divan in her little hide-away. "Lord, it's peaceful here," he remarked. "I saw Jenny for a moment—ran into her in the grounds. I was talking to Tatum, and we went out for a walk. It's hot tonight, and she was out there. Said she'd seen the apartment and was—"

"We can't have it," said Lydia tragically.

"Why not? Some one take it? I told you we should have clinched it! Don't look so distressed, darling," he said, himself very disappointed. "We'll find some other place."

"Ron." She moved close, leaned her head against him, wrinkled her nose. "You smell of hospital," she said.

"Sorry," he told her. "I—"

"It's father," she interrupted. "Promise you won't say a word to him —not a word."

"Of course I'll promise, but what—"

"He's terribly upset that we aren't living here with him," she said. "Of course he hasn't spoken to me, but Aunt Sammy—"

"I don't understand," said Ron. "He told me he agreed perfectly that we should have our own place."

"Because we wanted it. He's unselfish," said Lydia gently. "But it's really disturbing him, Ron. He can't bear to come back here alone. I've always been with him."

☆ HE thought, That's not true. She's been away times without number—visiting, Europe, here and there. Well, don't quibble . . . she always came back.

"Are you sure of this?" he asked.

"Perfectly. From little things he's started to say— But Aunt Sammy was quite eloquent. She—frightened me. She said she thought we owed it to dad to give up our own plans, for a while anyway . . ."

Ron frowned. Tatum had talked to him tonight about his prospective father-in-law. "With reasonable care he'll live for years," he said; "but he has to ease off. It would kill him to quit; we both know that, and he'd rather be dead. But eventually he'll have to give up active practice and be available for consultation only. Meantime, if things go smoothly, if he isn't upset emotionally—"

Remembering that, Ron asked again, "Lydia, are you *sure?*"

"I couldn't be more certain. And I'm frightened. Oh, Ron," she said, her eyes wide and misty, "I know how you have your heart set on being by ourselves . . . and that's what I want too . . . you don't know how *much* I want it. But . . . if anything happened, we would never forgive ourselves. I'm all he has, dear. And even seeing him every day isn't the same as being here when he comes home. He's

been wonderful about everything, but—"

He said, after a moment, "I can't pay our way, Lydia."

"Ron, this isn't the time for pride. Oh, I do respect it in you. I do understand. But, just for a while, dear? I" —her voice broke—"I'm afraid it won't be for long."

He thought, She's right, and she's being fair. She hasn't once reminded me what I owe him.

He said, after a moment, "All right—"

She put her arms about him and kissed him, suffered his instant breath-taking response. It didn't take her breath, except physically. She thought, Easy enough; I don't really mind. She thought, And I do love him. I never loved any one else, even when I thought I did.

Drawing away, she found herself thinking, If he didn't give in, would I love him—more?

She said: "Thank you, darling. But there's just one thing. We mustn't let him dream for a moment that it's because of him. We'll just say we've changed our minds. I'll tell him. He'll be home so late tonight, I'll tell him tomorrow. And it's all managed easily enough. My bedroom and the big guestroom connect; there are two baths. We'll use this room for our own living room—put your books in it, get a sensible desk. It will all work out."

"Anything you say," he told her heavily, and rose to go. He was more disappointed than he could say. The one thing he hadn't wanted. Any man wants to be on his own. He said slowly: "There will have to be some financial arrangement . . . I'll contribute as much to the expenses here as I would if I were paying rent and food bills and all the rest in our own home. It will be very little, compared to the upkeep of a place like this—but —that's the way it has to be."

"Of course, darling," she said instantly.

☆ WHEN he had gone, she sat quite still, smiling. She rang, after a moment, and asked for a highball. Drinking it, feeling relaxed, as purringly satisfied as a pussycat, she thought, Well, that's that.

She had hated the little apartment. She belonged here, with space, among the appurtenances of gracious living, in comfort and in luxury. Ron couldn't give her these things as yet. The time would come when he would be able to do so, but it was both stupid and unnecessary to go without until then.

A day or so later Jenny saw Ron in the corridor on her floor. He stopped to speak to her. She asked, smiling, "Have you taken the apartment?"

"Well, no." A slow flush touched his cheekbones. "As a matter of fact, we've given up the idea. We've decided not to leave Dr. Allen. We'll live with him, for a time at any rate."

"I see," said Jenny slowly. She was conscious of sharp disappointment. She wanted to say, "Don't do it; be your own master, over your own household." But she had no right.

She said, "Give Lydia my best. I hope I'll see her soon."

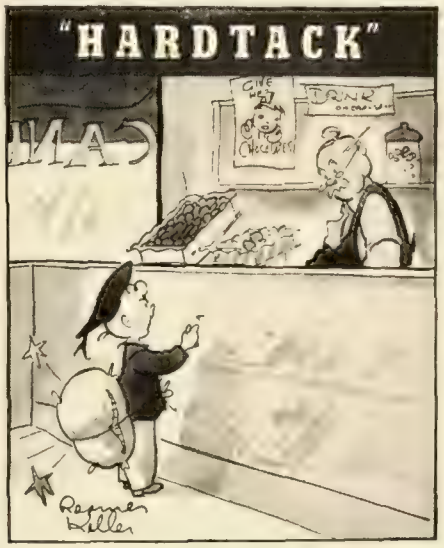
He watched her walk away. There had been, briefly, a barrier between them Jenny's face was very expressive. He thought, She thinks I'm far gone in luxurious living. It hurt him oddly that she would think that. But he couldn't run after her and say, "Look here. This isn't what I want or even my idea, but Allen has a cardiac condition and we're afraid—"

He turned and went to the elevators.

Lydia told her father. She said, "We aren't taking the apartment after all, ducky."

"What was wrong with it?"

"Nothing. It's quite a sweet place, really. I adored it. But Ron—" She laughed. "He thought we could find something rather better. He hasn't the slightest idea of values and rents. So last night he suggested that we stay



"Here's the penny for gumdrops I got here last week. You don't have to send my dad a bill!"

on here until at least we found something more suitable or until he can afford—"

Allen interrupted. "I don't believe a word of that, Lydia," he said mildly.

She made her eyes wide. "Angel," she said reproachfully, "why?"

"Because I know Ron—and you. You want to stay here, don't you? You don't want to leave your life and live his?"

"That's unkind," she said. "I'd follow him to the ends of the earth; I'd live in a hovel—"

"Don't be dramatic," said her father. "You know you wouldn't. Well, if your mind's made up." He sighed. "I'm sorry for the boy, that's all." He looked at her in exasperation. He loved her deeply, bitterly, irrevocably; knew her as thoroughly as it is possible to know another human being.

She said, "Well, what was the *use*? After all, the rooms are here . . . and there just isn't any sense . . . I do love Ron," she added, her hand on her father's as it lay, open and delicate and strong, on the desk in his small study. "You believe that, don't you?"

"Oh, yes; but I don't know why."

"What does that mean? I do love him. I want him to be happy. But if he can be happy—my way?" She looked at her father pleadingly. "I won't hurt him," she promised.

"Perhaps not. Not yet, at all events," said Dr. Allen, "in a deeper sense than you realize."

"I still don't know what you mean. Anyway, you won't—I mean—if Ron—"

"I won't give you away," he said grimly. "Heaven knows how you talked him into it—"

Lydia smiled faintly. She said, "Why should you? Don't pretend you won't be glad to have us here."

He said gravely, "My dear, of course I'll be glad."

When, later, Ron talked to him—in the office, as it happened—he was prepared for the careful explanation. Ron said, "It's just that we talked things over, and thought that perhaps it might be wise, after all, if we—if you want us—made our home with you."

He was deeply embarrassed, so Allen was quickly helpful. "There's nothing I'd like better," he said. "My dear boy, you must know that."

☆ RON said, "Of course, we did agree, you and I, that it was best for Lydia and me to have our own place. But—well, that can wait. I —naturally," he went on, his jaw stubborn, "there must be some sort of a financial arrangement. Not that it would be commensurate. But I've set down the figures—what the rent of the apartment would have been and about what I could afford in the way of upkeep and food and—"

"Anything you wish," said the older man, as embarrassed as the younger.

A day or so later Allen had occasion to drop in and see Tatum, the cardiac specialist. It was his habit to do so every so often for a check-up.

"No change," said Tatum after it was over.

Allen asked carelessly, "Been talking to Ron Lewis lately?"

"As a matter of fact, just the other night—we met in the corridor at the hospital and—"

"Say anything to him about me?"

"The usual. Just what I told you. What you can do, what you mustn't do. After all, he's your assistant. It's up to him to spare you where he can."

"I'm not ready to be relegated to the ash pile—"

"Of course not. But you must be moderate. You can't undertake the hard jobs—not and live," warned Tatum, his spare face grave. "You can take this, Woody; that's why I've always talked plainly with you. Routine jobs, yes. Consultations, by all means. But no fireworks."

"Skip it," said Allen; "I know all that. Tell Ron anything else?"

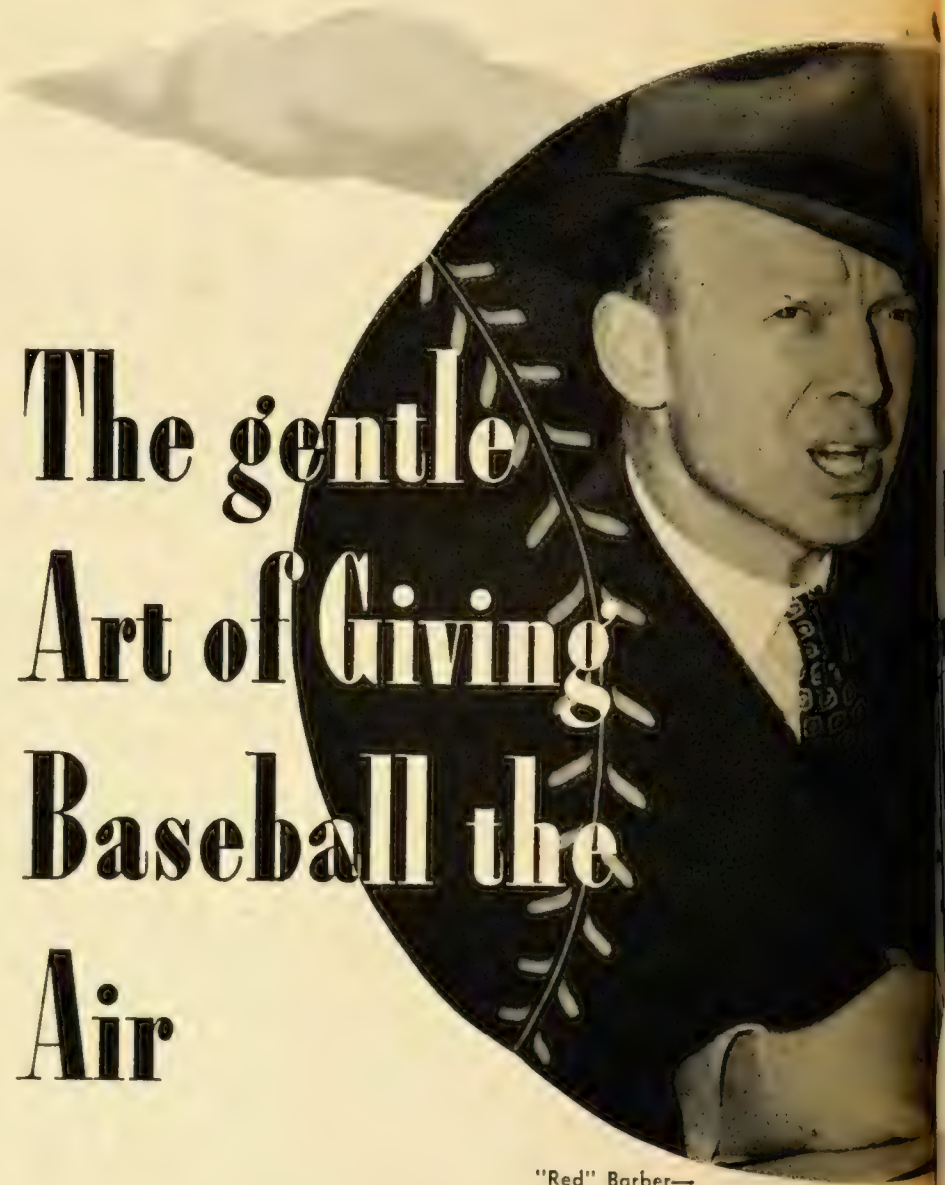
"Oh, the usual: no undue excitement, no emotional upset."

Driving back to his office, Allen put two and two together and arrived at a sufficiently round sum. He mustn't be

(*Continued on page 51*)

READING TIME • 8 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

The gentle Art of Giving Baseball the Air



"Red" Barber—drawl and all!

☆ "AND now, folks, it's nip and tuck as the Yankees go to bat in their half of the ninth inning of the World Series here in the Yankee Stadium. They need a run—just one measly little run—to put the game in the old crocus sack. Joe DiMaggio, batting at .356, is first up. . . . As he takes his stand at the plate there's a big wind up here at the Yankee Stadium, folks—and I don't mean me!"

And that, ladies and gentlemen, is the voice of "Red" Barber—affectionately known as the "Verce of Brooklyn"—broadcasting one of the games of the 1941 World Series baseball championship. It is his resonant Southern drawl floating out of the loud-speakers of radios in private homes, hotels, bars and grills, hospitals, taxicabs, and other places all over the United States and many other parts of the world, carrying the game to millions of intensely interested listeners. This is the third consecutive season that Red Barber of WOR, New York, and Bob Elson of WGN, Chicago, have been selected to describe the World Series.

While Red and Bob will be kings of the air so far as sports is concerned World Series week, I have been fortunate in meeting and knowing many of the other outstanding stars in this newest and most amazing profession. Men like Ted Husing of CBS, Graham McNamee and Bill Stern of NBC, Clem McCarthy, the noted turf commentator, now of WHN, Stan Lomax, Sammy Taub, Don Dunphy, and others, too numerous to mention, have created and carved out a new career, that of sportscaster.

Red got into radio by accident. Born in Columbus, Mississippi, thirty-three years ago, he was christened Walter Lanier Barber. His mother had been an English teacher before her marriage to Mr. Barber, who was a locomotive engineer. When Red was ten the family moved to Sanford, Florida, and when he got out of high school the boy struck out for himself. When he had saved up $100 he made a beeline for Gainesville, where he entered Florida University. Here he eked out his expenses by waiting on table and doing other jobs. One day a professor asked Red to read a paper for him over the local radio station. Red had never talked into a mike before, but he tried it. He not only read the professor's script but also another piece, for which he was treated to dinner. A few weeks later he took a job on the station at fifty dollars a month. That was a little more than ten years ago and he has been a radio announcer ever since.

This is Red's seventh World Series and he has become one of the most famous of all the baseball announcers, although he also broadcasts football and other sports brilliantly. "It is hard to pick out any one thrill as the greatest," Red told me. "You see, it is not so much the game as a whole that strikes you but rather it is the play. For instance, the game that stands out in my memory happened in 1934 and went eighteen innings.

"Dizzy Dean was pitching for the Cardinals against the Cincinnati Reds. The game was tied up a couple of times, and with the bases loaded and two out in the Reds' half of the eighteenth inning, Bottomley smashed a screaming line drive into left field. It looked like a cinch triple and the old ball game, but Medwick, playing for the Cardinals, tore across the field, made a tremendous leap into the air, and flung up his glove. It looked like an impossible try and, from where we were, as if he had missed the ball, for Joe kept running after he came back to earth. But it proved to be only his momentum that was carrying him on, for suddenly he stopped, turned, held up his glove, and there in the center was a white dot like a pin point—it was the ball. He had made the catch and the game was over!"

No doubt Red will thrill his listeners with the heroic exploits of this Series.

Ted Husing, to me, is one of our most colorful sports announcers. He was born in New York City, November 27, 1901, and named Edward Britt Husing. Six feet tall and weighing 175 pounds, Ted is a slim chap with brown eyes and not too much brown hair. He keeps in trim by playing tennis, golf, and baseball.

Ted attended Stuyvesant High, Pace Institute, and Columbia University Extension. He took part in all major sports and was a member of the All-State football and soccer teams.

Ted has hitchhiked all over the United States and has been an actor, soldier, policeman, and aviator. Had it not been for a crack-up, Ted probably never would have become the famous CBS sports broadcaster but would have been an airplane pilot. However, on September 13, 1924, he won the announcer's job at a New York station, beating 611 other candidates, "because he could talk louder and longer than any of the other fellows." Husing broadcast his first

football game describing the Cornell-Pennsylvania University classic in 1925, and this started him on his brilliant career as a sports reporter. He joined CBS on Christmas Day, 1927. Since then Ted has covered eight Kentucky Derbys, the Olympic Games in Berlin, Germany, in 1936, and the 1928 and 1932 Presidential elections.

"My biggest sport thrill?" Ted said, in answer to my question. "That's hard to say. Notre Dame's great rally in the last quarter of the Ohio State

Sportscasters' heyday! Now is the time for all good radio fans to rally round

BY JACK DEMPSEY

SPORTS EDITOR OF LIBERTY

football game in 1936, Jesse Owens' sweep of the Olympic sprints, Helen Jacobs' stirring tennis match with Alice Marble in September, 1940—all were thrilling episodes in sports competition. But the most satisfying of all was Lawrin's victory in the 1938 Kentucky Derby. In a broadcast three months before the race, when Lawrin was a thirty-to-one outsider in the betting, I had picked him to win. I came in for a lot of kidding on that selection, but when he came hammering down home in front, I got a kick out of describing his victory to the listeners all over the nation."

Bill Stern is the "dream man" of the sportscasters and, like many of his fellows, was a crackajack athlete in his schooldays. He was born in Rochester, New York, July 1, 1907. He played football for four years at Pennsylvania Military College, three of these as varsity quarterback. He won three letters at college and took part in tennis, baseball, boxing, crew, etc. He led the college orchestra in vaudeville and came away in 1930 with a B. S. degree.

He got his first start in show business as an usher in a theater and he tried to break into Hollywood. Even as a kid he pretended he was a football broadcaster, and he finally began his sports-announcing career in 1925 in his home city. In 1931 he was assistant stage manager of the Roxy and later became stage manager of the Radio City Music Hall and the Center Theater in New York. He worked with Graham McNamee during the 1934 football season. His experience with the theater shows its influence in his style of broadcasting.

Bill is five feet ten, weighs 150 pounds, and has black hair. His pet aversion is "road hogs," probably because of his narrow escape from death in an automobile accident several years ago, while he was on his way to cover a football game in Texas.

Asked what was his greatest thrill in broadcasting, Bill Stern will tell you that it was the last forty seconds of the Duke-Southern California Rose Bowl game in 1939. With the score 3 to 0 in favor of Duke, which had been undefeated, untied, and unscored on throughout its regular season, the Southern Californians cut loose with four passes in rapid succession, to put them over the goal line and snatch a 6-to-3 victory just as the whistle blew ending the game.

Graham McNamee is the dean of sportscasters. He was one of the pioneers in this field. He made his debut in sportscasting on August 31, 1923, when he covered the battle between Harry Greb and Johnny Wilson. A few weeks later be broadcast the World Series, and covered his first football game that fall. Since then McNamee, like Husing, has covered practically every sport there is, besides big news events.

Accidents don't faze him. Knocked unconscious by a racer while broadcasting the Soap Box Derby in Akron, Ohio, in 1935, he spent three days in the hospital and on the third day demanded to know when he would cover his next auto race.

McNamee was born July 10, 1899, in Washington, D. C. His father was a lawyer and his mother a musician. Although his father wanted him to become a lawyer, young McNamee found time to become a pretty good southpaw pitcher.

There's no use detailing Mac's exploits in radio sportscasting, because they would fill several volumes, but I will never forget the night in Chicago, September, 1927, in the seventh round of a certain fight. I suddenly heard Mac's voice crackling his description into the mike of the happenings in the ring.

"Tunney is down and Dempsey refuses to go to a neutral corner," I heard him say, and it was his words more than the directions of the referee, Dave Barry, which sent me on my way to the neutral corner. Unfortunately, I was too busy during the rest of the affair to have a chance to enjoy Mac's undoubtedly brilliant description of it.

In my opinion, Clem McCarthy is by far the top hand when it comes to describing a horse race over the air.

Clem knows his horses from way back, for he is the son of an Irish horse dealer and auctioneer, and has been an expert handicapper and turf writer for many years. He was born about sixty years ago near Rochester, New York, which would make Bill Stern a towny of his. Clem broadcast the first Kentucky Derby ever "aired," in 1928, and has handled eight of nine since.

He tells me he got his greatest thrill broadcasting the match race between Seabiscuit and War Admiral at Pimlico in 1938. There was such a crowd the police couldn't get Clem to the radio booth, and he made his broadcast while sitting on top of a rail fence. Five feet nine inches tall and weighing 145 pounds, Clem is a stick o' dynamite in action. He has light-blue eyes and iron-gray hair.

Don Dunphy, who broadcasts the fights in Madison Square Garden and the New York ball parks promoted by Mike Jacobs, is the baby among the top-flight sportscasters, in the sense that he is the latest to click on the big time; but he already has shown that he belongs. He is a New Yorker, born July 5, 1908, was educated at Manhattan College and wrote sports for the old New York World.

He has been broadcasting since 1934 and is chief sports commentator at WINS.

Sammy Taub's Champions' Hour over WHN is one of the oldest weekly sports features in radio.

These sportscasters all have one thing in common—voice personality, but otherwise they are distinctly individual. I have taken part in broadcasts from time to time with hundreds of them all over this country, and have enjoyed every one immensely.

THE END

READING TIME • 26 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

Tomorrow We March

Heroes carry on after a fight for freedom: "They'll have died for nothing if we fail"

☆ PHILIP LAYDEN, a young American who has lived in Czecho-Slovakia, and Mignon Gaudin, a French girl who has fled from her village because she killed a Nazi officer, join the Free French movement. Posing as two Italians, Rico Bardi, an accompanist, and Maria Lantera, a singer, they become members of a troupe of entertainers which Germany is sending into the occupied territories. Philip's job is to get in touch with anti-Nazis wherever he goes and to help install radio sets for communication with England.

Much to Philip's surprise, Lisa Abernathil, a beautiful Austrian refugee whom he knew in Switzerland, is in charge of the entertainers. Although Lisa is supposed to be working for the Free French—has, in fact, been planted by them in the Gestapo—Philip is suspicious of her, even though he is in love with her. He believes she may be pro-Nazi.

Sixty rifles filled the night with their crashes. The men around the bomber answered with Lugers.

In Prague, Philip leaves the hotel at night, and is arrested for being out after dark. Lisa wangles his release by announcing that she has been ordered by Herr von Seidtz, one of the Gestapo heads, to watch him. Philip is still not sure that she isn't playing a double game. Will she really report his movements to von Seidtz? Or will she, as a Free French agent, do her best to safeguard the work he is doing?

However, he has to risk everything to meet the anti-Nazi Czechs with whom he is to work, and finally manages to get to the shop of Anton Kanes, a baker, and arranges for men to pick up radio sets which are being flown from England. When the fateful night comes, Philip is supplied with a brownshirt uniform and leaves the hotel with two Czechs—also dressed as brownshirts—to go to the place where the plane is to land.

One of the men hands him a truncheon. "If they try to hold us," he says, "hit hard enough to kill. To be arrested in one of these uniforms means a death sentence. So we must kill or be killed."

PART EIGHT—TERROR IN THE NIGHT

☆ THEY walked toward the Vltava—three uniformed figures with swastikas on their arms and truncheons in their hands. There was no moon and the deserted streets were black. The only sounds they heard were the clicks of their own steps. When they had gone a block in silence the man at Philip's right remembered to give him a flashlight.

"Have you a gun?" he asked.

"No."

"Well, you will receive one later. From Kanes."

It struck Philip that Anton Kanes seemed to be attending to everything. And that was remarkable. Here was an unknown baker who had probably lived as peaceful, unobtrusive, and retiring a life as one could imagine. Yet in this crisis, robbed of his liberty, he suddenly developed the executive qualities of a general and the courage to lead men in the most dangerous of all warfare, an underground campaign. It was extraordinary, yes. And still, Philip felt confident, there were thousands of men like Anton Kanes throughout Europe. Upon them depended much of mankind's future.

As they approached a bridge, the man at his right said they were to walk some two kilometers out of Prague. There a wagon would be waiting to take them to Karel Cypek's farm. The Czech spoke as calmly as

BY OSCAR SCHISGALL

ILLUSTRATOR CHARLES LASALLE

though these preparations were intended for an outing.

"My name is Pavel Moktor," he added. He nodded to his shorter companion. "This is my brother, Juraj. . . . Our father made your uniform."

Juraj Moktor said with pride, "Our father works harder for the movement than any tailor in Prague. He has made a whole uniformed army."

Philip looked at the young men curiously. "You two help him?"

"*Nie,* I am not a tailor," said Pavel Moktor. "I am a machinist in the gun factory. Juraj is at the barge works."

"We build barges for the Germans," Juraj explained dryly. "Barges that will crack open."

☆ LOOKING ahead in the darkness, beyond the bridge, Philip couldn't help smiling. But after a moment he forgot the Moktor brothers.

He saw the terraced slopes of the Hradcany Hill. Whenever he had contemplated that hill in the past week he had felt a pang. On a street midway to the top lived his sister Anne.

He hadn't yet made any attempt to visit her. He hadn't done anything at all apart from the rest of the troupe. To remain with the actors, particularly where Lisa Abernathil and Herr Werther might watch him, had been a kind of safeguard.

His relations with Lisa had been outwardly cordial. But he always knew a sense of constraint with her —a feeling that he must forever be on guard. . . . As for seeing his sister Anne, he intended to do nothing to endanger his position—and thereby his mission in Prague—until the radio sets were distributed.

They were within a few feet of the bridge now. Suddenly Pavel Moktor nudged him.

"*Dajte pozor!*" he whispered. "Soldiers!"

Philip stiffened. He brought his eyes down from the hill. At the bridge stood four men of the Schutzstaffel.

Philip walked on boldly, between Pavel and Juraj. The important thing, he knew, was to appear confident; to proceed as though they were on official business.

"*If they stop .you,*" Pavel had warned, "*hit. Hit hard enough to kill. . . .*"

His heart seemed to echo the sounds of his steps. Like the two young Czechs, he kept his head up; his face was impassive. But there was sweat in the hand that held the weapon.

A shaded flashlight shot a beam at them. They ignored it. When they reached the bridge, the men on guard lifted their arms.

"Heil Hitler!"

Philip and his two companions, saluting, responded, "Heil Hitler!" They walked on, men intent on a mission. Those at the bridge looked after them, but there was no further talk.

When they were on the other side, Juraj Moktor allowed himself a faint smile derisive of the Nazis. "My father," he said, "makes good uniforms, *nie?*"

Four times after that they encountered patrols. With the initial hazard passed, however, they had greater assurance. Their own "Heil Hitler!" often came first. Their flashlights investigated the others, thus putting those they met on the defensive. And as they walked on, over hills, their pace increased with their optimism.

Outside the city they went along a dirt road walled by trees. Somewhere back in Prague a church bell clanged once. It was eleven thirty. There was no other sound until Pavel said, "We turn here."

He indicated a narrow side road. As they swung into it, Juraj flashed his light through the trees in the manner of a signal—two dots, three dashes, two dots.

The farm wagon, to which two horses were hitched, waited in a clearance. A number of shadowy figures hovered around it. Fifteen, Philip judged. All in brownshirt uniforms. None of them spoke. One came forward, and Philip recognized him as Anton Kanes.

The baker was haggard. There were black caverns under his cheekbones. Something, it was clear, had gone wrong.

"We have been forced to make a change in our plans," he told Philip. "Last night Stefan Hesel and his radio were found. Stefan tried to fight. They —they killed him."

Philip stood still. Though he had never met Hesel, he experienced a shock as of personal loss.

☆ IN the back of the group a strained voice said, "They cannot silence us by killing Hesel! They destroyed his radio, and now we are bringing in twenty, maybe thirty, to replace it! If they destroy those thirty, we will bring in fifty more!"

Anton Kanes said with bitterness, "Yes, but tonight we had need of Hesel. He was to broadcast at one o'clock. To give the plane a beam to guide it to Prague."

"It will be able to follow the river," Philip said.

"*Nie;* not if it flies high. We have another way. But it complicates matters, and the more complications, the more danger." Kanes hesitated. "Have you seen the big Konstadt Granary in the north of the city?"

"I've passed it, yes."

"It is full of grain that the Germans have confiscated. At one o'clock some of our men will set fire to it. The blaze will be a beacon for the plane. When it comes close, it can seek out our smaller signal fires."

Philip said in a low voice, "The granary is well guarded. I have seen the brownshirts around it."

"Eight of those brownshirts are our men." Then Kanes took Philip's arm and led him toward the wagon. "Come. My friends are eager to know you. Shake hands with them. For them it is a little like shaking hands with freedom."

Most of these men, Philip saw, were middle-aged. He gathered they were laborers and clerks, factory hands and shoemakers, salesmen and shopkeepers—all joined together in this small secret army to fight for their liberties. They had families, he supposed, and homes. Yet they were willing to risk everything to re-establish themselves as men of dignity. Their faces, calm, determined, showed no fear.

Ten minutes later he asked, "What are we waiting for?"

"Two more of the men," said Kanes. "I don't know why they are delayed like this."

He had hardly finished speaking when they heard on the road the sounds of running feet. All around him Philip saw figures draw guns. . . .

A light flashed among the trees: twice, three times, twice again.

The tension relaxed. The weapons were put away and some one whispered, "That must be Michal and Vilem."

But only a single figure dashed into the clearance, and half a dozen flashlights focused on him. Though he was in uniform, he had lost his cap and truncheon. His face was white with terror. He ran straight to Anton Kanes, seized his arms.

"They caught Vilem!" he gasped.

The baker's Slavic countenance hardened, but it showed no panic.

"Where did it happen?"

"In the Prikopy! We—we were challenged! When they stopped us, we fought. I knocked one down, and the other two sprang upon Vilem. I started to help him. Then I saw four more come running toward us. It was useless to fight. I had to get away to tell you."

Kanes' voice became harsh. "You're sure you weren't followed here?"

"Of course! If they force Vilem to talk—if they make him tell what is happening tonight—"

Kanes turned to his men. "Get into the wagon," he cried. "It is time to go!"

While the others clambered into the back, Philip jumped to the seat with the baker and the driver. Kanes, he could see, was badly frightened. As they rumbled out of the woods, he groped under the seat, brought out a Luger and a small box of ammunition. These he gave to Philip.

"If Vilem Ryn tells them anything," he said, "we will have need of these."

"Can't he be trusted?"

Kanes asked, "How long can any man remain silent when they take an ax and begin to break his fingers, one by one, and then his arms, and then his legs?"

☆ AT one o'clock in the morning Lisa Abernathil awoke, startled; she sat up in bed and listened. The night silence was split by the wails of fire alarms. A fire engine thundered past the hotel.

Lisa swung out of bed. Though it was forbidden to open windows at night, the temptation was too great. She opened hers and looked out—and stood dazed.

The sky over the entire northwestern part of the city was red. And through the red flowed a river of

black smoke. Now and then she could see banners of flame unfurl over distant hills and housetops.

In the street below the window there were shouts, the sounds of running feet. Lisa bent over the sill to glance down. The figures two stories below were indistinct, yet she could see they were soldiers and brownshirts, probably out to patrol the city in full force during the fire.

Voices at her right made Lisa look along the hotel's wall. It was weirdly illuminated by the red glow. She saw that, despite the law, almost every window had been opened. Nobody could sleep through that din, and all were watching the fire: Maria Lantera, and Hermann Krug beyond her, and Sigmund Werther; the dancers from Frankfort, the ballet company, the comedians. All had their windows open.

No, not all. Lisa saw, with a start, that one window was still closed. Philip Layden's.

She stared at it, and her face became pale. Suddenly she turned from the window, pulled on her negligee, and ran out into the corridor. She hurried straight to Philip's door.

She was about to knock when she realized that might attract attention. Instead she tried the knob. The door wasn't locked. It opened, and she looked into a black room—too black for her to see the bed.

"Philip!" she whispered.

There was no answering sound. She stepped into the room, shut the door behind her. She groped forward, one arm extended, until her knee touched the bed. Now she could see that no one was in it. Moreover, it hadn't been used tonight. . . .

Lisa's mind coupled the empty bed with the fire. She didn't know why. She couldn't have explained the certainty; yet there it was. It filled her with a pounding excitement she couldn't control. She looked around in a kind of panic, then remembered the window.

On impulse she went to it, opened it. Had it remained shut, it would have roused attention. . . .

And at that moment the door behind her creaked. Lisa whirled around and stared at Maria Lantera.

Which of them was the more astonished, it would have been hard to know. For a second they looked at each other, both dazed. Then Mignon, her own slim figure wrapped in a dressing gown, stepped into the room and shut the door.

Lisa, drawing a sharp breath, took the initiative. She nodded at the bed. "Where is he?"

"I don't know. . . . Why are *you* here?"

"I came to open his window."

Mignon would have been inclined to disbelieve Lisa. Yet the window *was* open. That, indeed, was the very purpose for which she herself had come—to make it appear Philip was in his room.

Lisa pressed, "Is he out of the hotel?"

"I tell you, I don't know."

"He'll never be able to get back tonight! The streets are full of soldiers. They'll arrest anybody they find."

Mignon thought, *They won't arrest a man in uniform.*

"Why don't you drop pretense?" Lisa whispered. "Why can't you be honest with me? I know you're not Maria Lantera."

Fortunately, the fire's red glow did not reveal the alarm that swept into Mignon.

"You—you say many strange things, Fräulein," she said. "But, *per Dio,*

"He hung up on me!"

this is the strangest of all. I am not Lantera?"

"I've known it for days. Your accent is good in conversation; but when you sing, especially in Italian, you lose it; the accent is French."

Mignon had to steady herself before she could reply. "I find it odd, Fräulein," she said, "that you, a German, should tell me, an Italian, that my accent is wrong."

"I'm trying to be frank. We could work together if only you would be frank with me. If I knew where he is tonight, I might be able to help."

Mignon's expression changed. It became calculating. *So that's it,* she thought. *You want me to tell you what he is doing.* She stepped closer to Lisa Abernathil.

"Are you prepared, Fräulein," she asked, "to exchange frankness for frankness? So far, you have been asking questions of me. If you expect answers, you must give answers. Why don't you tell me about yourself?"

"I have nothing to tell."

Mignon laughed a little grimly. "You see, Fräulein, that is the trouble. You ask everything and you tell nothing." She turned back to the door. As she opened it she said, "I will be happy to talk to you again whenever you are prepared to be as frank with me as you wish me to be with you. Until then—*buona sera.*"

☆ PHILIP LAYDEN waited on the flatlands of Karel Cypek's farm. From where he stood with Anton Kanes and several others, he could see the red glow in the sky over Prague. It would be hours, he knew, before such a blaze could be controlled. He turned his head to survey the black skies overhead, listening for the drone of motors.

Pavel Moktor asked, "*Kol' ko je hodín?* What time is it?"

"Twenty-five minutes of two," said Kanes. "We will start in ten minutes."

Small pyres of wood, sixteen of them, marked a vast rectangle on the farm. Near each stood a man waiting for a signal. As soon as Anton Kanes lit his fire, the others would light theirs.

Tonight there was no wind, and that was good. In the still air the bomber could land from any direction it chose. If a breeze did spring up at the last moment, however, the men were ready for it. Juraj Moktor had brought, under his shirt, a fifteen-foot streamer of white gauze. This could be hoisted on a pole. Illuminated by twenty-odd flashlights, it could serve the pilots as a "stocking."

Despite the fact that preparations on the field were going well, Philip was worried. So, he could see, was everybody else. When the men spoke at all, it was about Vilem Ryn, who had been captured tonight by the brownshirts. How far could they trust Ryn to resist torture and say nothing? . . .

At a quarter of two, when Kanes at last took a match from his pocket, they heard the first distant hum of motors.

Kanes at once dropped to his knee and lit the fire. As it began to crackle, other flames leaped into sight all around the field. The drone of the plane became louder, closer. Within a few minutes it was circling overhead.

Then the roar of twin motors began to sink lower and lower. There were clouds in the sky, and against them it was impossible to discern anything. Philip could feel that thunder of engines echoing in his head, in his chest, in his heart. It gave him a sense of being part of a vast and triumphant force. He knew these men about him must share his emotions. Here was a symbol of co-operation. This plane had winged its way across Europe from London to aid Prague in its struggle.

Five minutes later, with the bomber roaring only a few hundred feet overhead, two headlights blazed from its wings. They stabbed powerful beams at the ground, illuminating it with dazzling brilliance.

The plane shot off over the forest, perhaps half a mile away, to turn and come slanting in for its landing.

When it passed low over the signal fires like an enormous bat, Philip caught a glimpse of swastikas on its wings. It was a huge black Dornier, rebuilt in England. There was wicked power in its lines, and its gun turret bristled with machine guns.

The great plane landed near the edge of the field. There the pilots turned the craft, to be ready for a quick take-off. They switched off motors and lights; and the night was still again.

Running toward the Dornier, Philip saw dim figures coming from all directions. They were silhouetted against the small fires they had abandoned—fires which must be kept burning until after the take-off.

The bomber carried a crew of five. When the first of them emerged, and saw men in brownshirt uniforms running toward the plane, he gripped the gun at his hip.

☆ PHILIP, now only a few feet from the plane, called out the password he had arranged with Ravineau. He uttered it in English, the words hushed: "How is Gordon Glen?"

The officer stopped drawing the gun.

"What's your name?" he countered.

"Sebastopol! And yours?"

"Thursday."

That fixed it. The German-clad British crew jumped down from the plane, shook hands with Philip. Within two minutes a line of Czechs, acting with the speed and precision of a bucket brigade, were unloading boxes from the bomber.

A lanky Yorkshireman named Baldrick commanded the plane.

"We had no trouble getting through," Baldrick said with characteristic British understatement. "Four times, over Germany, pursuit planes got around us. But when they saw we were German, they dropped away. . . . However, if it hadn't been for that fire we'd have had trouble finding Prague. Missed your beam."

Philip explained about the fire.

"Well, we've brought you twenty two-way wireless outfits," Baldrick continued. "All portable. I expect we'll be getting plenty of reports from Prague, what? We are in a position to bomb troop movements even in Czecho-Slovakia now. Those new American bombers that've been coming in—extraordinary range, they have. Damned fine planes. Better than the Germans. Before long we'll be blasting the Boches as far as they can retreat."

The boxes were being piled in a great mound. Soon they would be carried through the woods to the wagon, to be driven off and hidden until they could be set up in strategic places.

Philip inquired of Baldrick, "Was there any special message for me? Any instructions?"

"No, except to carry on. Ravineau, you know, is back in London. He—"

Baldrick could say nothing else. He spun around with an alarmed "What's that?" The work of unloading stopped. Every man stood motionless, staring toward the forest.

Among the trees there was the sound of running feet—scores of them, all coming toward the plane. . . .

Philip felt a chill race through his body. His hand went to the Luger in his back pocket. He stared, stifled his breath.

☆ MEN poured out of the forest some three hundred yards away. Armed men with steel helmets and rifles. The signal fires illuminated them clearly. They were German troops. About thirty of them. . . .

He heard men on the other side of the Dornier, too. There was a second detachment of soldiers up the field—at least thirty more. And these also were running toward the bomber.

Philip stumbled back, raising his Luger. All around him he heard men rushing to shelter behind the boxes of radio equipment. They were caught in a trap, Philip saw; between the claws of a pincers movement; and outnumbered. His mind began to whirl around a single horrible conviction. This was the end of all planning. . . .

Anton Kanes was the first to shoot. He aimed his revolver straight into the oncoming troops.

It served as a signal. The Germans flung themselves headlong into the short grass. They opened fire. You could hear bullets clatter on the metal of the plane. Sixty rifles, firing from two directions, filled the night with their crashes. And the men around the bomber, now flat in the grass, answered with Lugers.

Squadron Leader Baldrick, Philip knew, had dashed back to the plane. Maybe to take off. He couldn't think of Baldrick now. His face was savage as he crouched behind the boxes. He fired again and again. It was the first time in his life he really wanted to kill.

The Dornier's bulk served as a protection to his back. Some of the Czechs had crawled under the plane to hold off the soldiers on the other side. Philip had no time even to glance toward them. His lips were drawn in against his teeth. In some corner of his mind he knew this was a hopeless fight. Twenty-odd men with revolvers couldn't long hold off sixty men with rifles. And pretty soon, he supposed, the Germans would be dragging machine guns out of the woods.

Machine guns!

The thought made him catch his breath on a wild hope. He turned his head to stare at the plane's gun turret. Through its glass he imagined he saw moving heads. Perhaps Baldrick and his British crew had leaped into the Dornier to man those guns. . . .

It was then, as he stared at the plane, his ears filled with the crashes of rifles and revolvers, that Philip Layden felt the slash of a bullet.

It struck his left arm, four inches above the elbow. It was like a white-hot ax chopping into the flesh. It staggered him. It spun him around, and he fell to his knees. For a moment he knelt, too dazed to think. He could feel warm blood pour down his arm, and the fire of the wound blazed through his whole body.

And then, as a fury that was like madness surged into him, he turned back to the boxes. He had to go on fighting—that was the only thought he had. Every man of them had to keep on shooting until the end.

The left arm hung limp. Even the pain in it was giving way to a strange, numb sensation. But he could still raise the Luger with his right hand; and kneeling behind the crates, he fired at the mounds that were Germans.

A few feet to his right a long figure lay on its back, arms outstretched, one knee raised. Part of its forehead had been torn away, but there was enough of the face left to recognize Anton Kanes. Kanes had got it, all right. A few others, too. Dead. They lay around the plane—at least seven of them that Philip could see without actually looking about.

A harsh voice shouted an order. It was like a scream above the thunder of rifle fire. The voice was two hundred yards off in the darkness. But when it spoke, the Germans rose out of the grass and charged forward. They came in broken formation. Probably they intended to run a few yards and plunge to the ground again. The same, Philip reasoned, must be happening on the other side of the plane.

☆ HE tried to fire when the Nazis rose, but the Luger clicked on emptiness.

He blurted an oath. His face was white and his eyes burned. He had to reload, and discovered he couldn't. It was impossible to get his ammunition and ram it into place while his left hand was useless. He looked around for some one to help. There was Juraj Moktor only a few feet away. Juraj was aiming over the top of a box, firing, biting his lip. In his left cheek there was a bleeding gash.

Philip had no chance to talk to him. For at that instant the Dornier's machine gun burst into action.

There were four guns in the turret battery. They blazed simultaneously, spitting hundreds of jets of flame. They opened their fire while the Germans were making the charge—and mowed the Nazis down like tenpins.

Philip stared at the carnage with stunned eyes. He felt no immediate emotion save a vast and stupefied wonder—a kind of incredulity. It was inconceivable that those men were falling dead. The fire of the machine guns raked them for only a few seconds. How many were alive after that it was impossible to know. Far off in the darkness a few scattered figures—no more than five or six—were racing toward the woods.

(*Continued on page 58*)

Mr. Me goes to town

I HAVE A WHOLESALE GROCERY business out in the Middle West.

About twice a year I have occasion to go to Chicago, and talk things over with some of the people I deal with.

I suppose I *might* go to Chicago the cheapest way I can.

But I don't do it. I always go Pullman. I pay a little higher railroad fare, and it costs me $2.90 for a lower berth. And I figure it's money well spent.

In the first place it bucks me up. I just plain feel more important when I ride on a Pullman. In the lounge car and in the smoking room I meet men who've gone a long ways in the world—who have interesting things to say.

Another thing. While I'm no scared-cat, I *do* like feeling safe, and knowing I'll get to where I'm going and not somewheres else.

And traveling in a Pullman is like staying in a fine hotel. Take the washroom. Everything in it is spotless and well-arranged. They dish out spanking clean towels by the dozens. The hot water is hot, not tepid. The soap lathers up the way soap should. There's even a special tooth-scrubbing bowl and an outlet for my electric razor.

Your berth, if you've never ridden a Pullman before, will bowl you over. The bed is a big bed, more than 6 feet long and plenty wide. The sheets on it are as white as December snow. There are reading lights, and a shelf for your books or magazines. There are hangers for your clothes, and a net hammock for socks, handkerchiefs, and so on. When I get in the berth, I feel plenty cozy. And do I sleep! Mmm, like a log.

As if all this wasn't enough, there's the porter. He takes care of me as though I was the only fellow on the car. Gets me up exactly when I ask him to in the morning. Brings me a drink of water if I'm thirsty at night. Beats me to the draw with an extra blanket if it's cold. And in the morning, he has my shoes shined and my clothes brushed, so I feel pretty good about how I look.

Also, when somebody asks me how I came down, and I say "Pullman," I get a quiet kick out of it. May be a little small of me, but I think most folks feel that way.

☆ For comfort—Go Pullman ☆

READING TIME • 10 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

The Ten Best

BY HOWARD SHARPE

☆ ONE evening in 1914 a little group of actors sat, very full of talk and beer, in the lobby of a New York hotel trying to tell Al Jolson why there couldn't be such a thing as a successful one-man show. Al had remarked that a really good entertainer who could sing, put over a joke, and ad lib endlessly didn't need anything beyond a little music to help him hold a full house for at least three hours. With the coming of dawn, bets were down all around. By the next afternoon Jolson had made arrangements to hire Boston's Opera House for a single night and had announced a presentation for that night consisting of Al Jolson with orchestra.

It is recorded that he appeared before a capacity audience, sang to them, told them jokes and stories and gags from eight thirty until somewhere around midnight, and sent them away happy. Sometimes now, with the final gag of his musical comedy, Hold On to Your Hats, he motions the pianist to stay when the rest of the band files out, removes his coat, and gives the crowd another hour of Jolson, pure Jolson. Al is along in his fifties now, but there isn't any appreciable difference in the way he puts his stuff across. Although the material itself is superficially changed, his 1941 brand of humor is essentially the same as the stuff that helped make him one of the three richest actors in the world.

Jolson's humor has never fallen off because he is a master of the science of making people laugh. He not only has ineffable timing and a flair for sensing his audience's mood; he knows why he is funny. Thirty years ago, when every comedian in the country was desperate for a new Model T Ford story, Jolson concocted the most successful routine of them all and didn't mention the car by name once:

"Folks, I'm a little late this evening because I drove to the theater in my car. . . . Oh, yes, I've got a car; I paid three hundred dollars for it. . . . I got it so cheap I can't get over it—most of the time I'm under it. . . . The trouble with my car is I can't depend on it; sometimes it runs sixty miles an hour and other times sixty hours a mile. . . . The man who sold me the machine guaranteed it for ninety horse power, but I think the day I got it eighty-nine horses died. . . . My car got so well known on the roads, any time another car passed by they threw me a rope. . . . I tried to sell it to all my friends and now I haven't any friends left. . . . One day I read in the papers about a gang of automobile thieves operating in my neighborhood, so I let my car stand out on the street all night for four months, but I didn't have any luck. . . . One morning I looked out of the window to see if it was gone and there were three more like it standing there. . . . But I finally got rid of it. I let it stand in front of my house, and *I* moved."

Al's own humor is never very risqué. Although a good many cracks go crashing right through the thin ice on which his shows skate, he himself avoids the rough stuff. Old friends who have known him from childhood have the theory that this reticence of his harks back to the training he received in burlesque. As your eyebrows go up, they hasten to explain that in its first ten years burlesque was extremely clean entertainment, directed at the family trade. The nearest thing to a suggestive gag Jolson ever told when directly under this influence is a classic in the boardinghouse category. It begins when a straight man asks Jolson why he's always fighting with his landlady. Al replies he's *not* always fighting with her. "Why, just the other day," he says, "I wanted to take a bath, and she told me there was only one bathroom in the house, so I'd have to take my turn with the others. 'Everybody has a special time when the bathroom's theirs,' the landlady told me. 'What time would you like?'

"And I just wanted to be courteous, so I said, 'Madam, your time is my time.' That's all. Then she hit me."

Given any single period in his long career and a spark such as the landlady story to set him off, Jolson can go on effortlessly for hours, his memory working like an electric transcription. Of all the prewar stock, however, he still prefers the one about his first vacation in the country.

"And why did you return a week early, Al?" asks a straight man.

"Well, y'see, it's like this: I went out to this farm where they take tourists. The first day the cow died, so we had beef every night for a week after that. Then all the hens got some poisoned grain and died, and we had chicken for dinner for three days. Then something happened to the pig and *it* died, and all the other tourists had pork while I finished up the chickens. But about a week ago the farmer's wife caught a bad cold and I thought it was time to come *home!*"

To the average radio listener, theater patron, and movie fan, a ranking comedian such as Jack Benny, Jolson, Bob Hope, or Bob Burns is a more incomprehensible genius than an Edison. When, therefore, you go to take up a disciple's position before a master like Jolson and are referred to Joe Watson's collection of black loose-leaf notebooks (with the word "Budget" in gilt on the covers), you cannot be blamed if you find the experience disconcerting. Joe Watson is Jolson's writer and general understudy, and

gs of Al Jolson

Stop us if you've heard them —but even the corniest ones sparkle when he tells them

the notebooks turn out to be full of typewritten jokes, all alphabetically arranged under such headings as "Gold Diggers," "Romance," "Housewife Inefficiency," "Actors. . . ."

The shock is yet to come. You open one of the notebooks to a section marked "Marriage." The first line reads, "Why does a chicken cross the road?" At this point, if you are smart, you put aside the books and go back to Jolson, who will explain that the files are only for basic gags, that a comedian who wants a joke about marriage will look at the "Why does the chicken" two-liner for a minute or two, then evolve the following:

STOOGE: Whereja get th' black eye?

JOLSON: My wife got mad last night and threw a shoe at me.

STOOGE: 'Smatter? Couldn't ya duck a little thing like a woman's shoe?

JOLSON: Yeah, but she forgot to take her foot out of it.

This is elementary, to show you the evolution of a full ear of corn from a single kernel. Comedians of Jolson's caliber can pull something brilliantly unrecognizable out of a kindergarten formula. The tag joke, for instance, of Jolson's show last season: As the Lone Rider who, somehow, has managed to capture the bandit Fernandez, Jolson receives and reads to the audience a sheaf of congratulatory telegrams. Suddenly he holds up a Western Union blank. "And here's one," he says, "that I *wouldn't* take a thousand dollars for. It's from F. D. R., and it says, 'Congratulations. Now that you've rounded up Fernandez, see if you can round up Eleanor!' "

This is the offspring of another Roosevelt joke, popular when Rough-rider Teddy was famous for his insatiable wanderlust. "The President spoke in Buffalo on Monday," it read then, "in New York on Tuesday, and in Albany on Wednesday. If he didn't want to live at the White House, why didn't he say so in the first place?" Which gag in turn had its parent in one of the notebooks, under "Trains —Forward." Thus: "I met a girl on the train, spoke to her at Albany, put my arm around her at Buffalo, hugged her at Chicago, and kissed her in Kansas City. What a shame the train wasn't going to California!"

His ability to pull a laugh out of the hat at an instant's notice, plus hard work, plus the breaks, plus the great delivery of one song brought Jolson at an early age to the moment when he could demand a raise of J. J. Shubert and hear the reply, "But that's more money than the President of the United States makes! I won't pay it!"

"O. K.," Jolson said, turning away. "Get the President to sing Mammy."

He was still a young man, as comedians go, when he was able to speak in such fashion to a Shubert. The temptation is strong to go into his personal story here; to write about his birth in Kovno, Russia; his early years in this country and in the show world; his marriage to Ruby, and his loss of her and what that did to him. But we are concerned with recording the pick of Jolson gags. Given his own choice in the matter, he inevitably selects the ones he enjoys most, rather than the stories that made him famous, and bewails the fact that modern gags must be built around one intrinsically amusing situation. In the old days, he says, you could use a gag on Broadway for six months and play it another year on the road. But then came radio. . . .

He used to be able to come out and tell the dialect joke about the successful Jewish merchant who sent his boy to Harvard because he wanted him to speak perfect English. "You vill tich him to speak fom the Kink's Hinglish onleh, hunh?" the old man entreats the English professor, who replies:

"You need have no fear, sir. I assure you the young man will enunciate perfectly, use the most impeccable grammar at the end of the year."

A year later the father returns. "Ha's he doink, the boy? Iss Shakespeare he talks now, hunh?"

"Vell," replies the professor, "I am tallink you, he iss *perfeck!*"

Today dialect jokes are especially dated. However, despite his complaints about the passing of the traditional gag, Jolson seems able to pull a '41 version of such a gag out of the hat whenever he chooses. There's the routine about how old he is, for instance. He used to remark that three people had asked him his age that day, and that he was getting tired of it.

"With the way things are going, the depression and all, there are still people who take time out to worry about my age," he said. "I've never tried to hide my age; I know how old I am. . . . I'll even tell you. I've been on the stage thirty years. . . . I started at eleven. . . . [After the laugh.] You're a fine audience, practically calling me a liar. Listen. . . . I went back to Washington—that's where my folks live—y'know I hadn't been home for four years—and I saw a young woman of about thirty pushing a baby carriage. When she saw me she held out her arms and yelled. 'Abie—I mean *Al*, my son, my boy, my baby!' So I said, 'Momma, it can't be you! Why, you look like a schoolgirl!' 'Al,' she told me, 'I'm a new woman; I've been taking these new monkey glands.' So I said that was swell, and where was father? 'That's him in the baby carriage,' she said; 'he took an overdose.' "

Today Jolson substitutes "With the way things are," for the depression. "But I don't really look my age," he protests. "The other day I was walking down Broadway with Mickey Rooney, and somebody yelled, 'There's Mickey Rooney!' And somebody else said, 'Which one is Rooney?' "

Occasionally, of course, he draws up a chair, sits close to the footlights and chats along at the audience. Planned as a starter for such a session during the next months is a gag Al thinks is the best he's heard in a long time. "Y'know I'm not sitting down because I'm tired," he will say. "I never get tired—I'm just kind of uncomfortable because I'm being patriotic. Sure I am. I'm wearing cotton socks. They aren't so bad, but this afternoon I felt something tickling my toes, so I took my shoes off, and there were two boll weevils running around—yessir, two of 'em, a big one and a little one. Well, of course I killed the big fella, but I let the little one go. I figured he was the lesser of two weevils."

When his manager tells him a Western delegation has come to take him back because he's the Lone Rider and they want him to catch the bandit, Al says, "Why don't they go to Dewey? He won't be doing anything for the next four or five years." And the defense administration will catch it as well, in a little description, not yet carefully worked out, of two selectees meeting while on maneuvers. The first is with the Blue Army, the second belongs to the opposing Red Army. Selectee A raises his broomstick, points it at Selectee B, says "Boom!" Nothing happens. Then A makes a swiping motion as if his stick were a bayonet and says, "Sca-rownch!" The other does not reply. Now the broomstick becomes a machine gun. Selectee B just looks superior.

"What's the matter with you?" asks the sweating Blue Army soldier. "I've shot you with my rifle, I've bayoneted you, I've pumped lead into you from my machine gun. You're dead. Fall down."

"Why should I?" says B. "I'm a tank."

THE END

READING TIME ● 30 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

Good Night, Galatea!

BY GENE MARKEY

A lettuce leaf from his collar, some tomato from his face. "All you need," she said as she kissed him, "is a little French dressing!"

☆ "THAT'S the way to handle a woman," said Humphrey Kip. "Just the way that fellow did."

We were coming out of a movie, after midnight, and above the marquee a workman on a ladder was taking down huge electric letters that spelled PYGMALION. As we got into his town car Humphrey elaborated upon this theme. "I've searched the world over," he said, "and never found the right woman. She simply doesn't exist. So what's the answer? The answer is to *create* her. Just as that fellow in the picture did."

I remarked that it was a pleasant idea, though slightly fanciful. He had tried it once himself, if I recalled, and it had not worked out so well. When he married Aldys Fane he had attempted to "make her over"—and six months later she had left San Francisco with a divorce and a settlement of half a million dollars.

"But Aldys was too stubborn, too spoiled," he argued. "Europe and all that café society. It was too late to change her. What I mean is, you take a very young girl—"

"*You* take her."

"No, I'm serious." I could see he was. "A really young girl—one that's never been anywhere. Intelligent, you know, but not too set in her ways."

"And you will mold her," I said, "into the perfect woman."

"It could be done." Humphrey nodded thoughtfully.

The car was stopping in front of an antique shop, and I noticed that the lights inside were still burning. When we got out of the car, wild squawking, tootling music was coming from the Elysian Dance Palace on the corner. Above the entrance hung a scarlet banner:

JITTERBUG CONTEST TONITE
CASH PRIZES

"People who do that kind of dancing belong in insane asylums," said Humphrey. He was always making statements like that.

I followed him into the antique shop, where he bought a Swiss cuckoo clock for ninety dollars. The proprietor told us it was a genuine Schmichling. To me that seemed a lot of money for it. However, Humphrey, being president of Kip Klox, Inc., knew more about such things. His grandfather's millions had come from manufacturing alarm clocks; but by the time Humphrey inherited the business, alarm clocks could be bought in any drugstore for ninety-eight cents, so he had undertaken the renaissance of the cuckoo clock. Kip Kukoo Klox were advertised everywhere. And he owned the largest collection of Swiss cuckoo clocks in America.

When we walked outside to get in the car, something was happening at the Elysian Dance Palace. The music stopped abruptly, a woman screamed—and out the door bounded two rushing figures. Behind them, yelling, sprinted several men. A police whistle blew. Humphrey, unperturbed by this commotion, was just stepping into his car with the package containing the genuine Schmichling when something hit him. The genuine Schmichling flew out of his hands—and shattered on the sidewalk with a faint despairing *cuckoo*—as a girl flung herself past him, into the car.

"Quick!" she gasped. "Get in."

Humphrey appeared flabbergasted. "What—what's the meaning of this?"

"You big jerk! Get in!" There was desperate excitement in her voice. "The cops are after me!"

We got in. She was crouching on the floor of the car. I told Humphrey's chauffeur to drive on.

"Here—wait!" Humphrey struggled to open the door. "I can't leave that Schmichling—"

"*Who?*" demanded the girl.

"It's a very valuable cuckoo clock—"

She sat up, her wide eyes scornful. "You mean you'd see me thrown in the jug—for a *cuckoo clock?*"

The car lurched forward, and in a few seconds we had turned down Market Street. I looked back. We were not being pursued.

"It's all right," I said. "You can sit up here now."

As she crawled up on the seat between us I got a look at her for the first time. She was quite small. That tight red-and-white-striped jersey she wore, and the short red skirt, showed a trim figure and good legs. The street lights made her thick curly hair gold, and she had an impertinent little face with large eyes and an uptilted nose and a pretty mouth. She couldn't have been over twenty.

I offered her a cigarette, but she said she never used them. Then I asked her what had happened at the Elysian Dance Palace—that is, if she cared to tell us.

"Sure," she answered simply. "Eddie took a sock at the manager. He's my boy friend. Eddie Turk. Well"—she shrugged—"*sort* of a boy friend. We've danced in a lot of these contests together. I came up here from L. A. for this one. Sat up all night in the bus. First prize was fifty bucks. Boy, am I burning! We practiced six hours today. I didn't have any sleep—didn't eat since breakfast. . . ." She seemed to want to talk about it, and her voice had an edge of indignation.

"We got into the final—they give it to you on applause, you know—and Eddie and I got more than the other couple. But that cockroach of a manager gave it to 'em. Did we burn!" She made an angry gesture. "So Eddie took a sock at him. He's always taking a sock at somebody," she added.

I ventured the hope that Eddie had eluded the law.

"Don't worry about *that* guy!" She grinned. "He can run like an antelope. It's because he's trained so much," she explained. "He's been fighting prelims at the Dreamland Rink. Welterweight. He ought to quit, though. It'd be a shame to see that nose flattened. Anyway, I think the fight game is a lousy way to earn a living, don't you, Mr.—" She hesitated and turned to Humphrey. "Say—I don't know your name."

Humphrey looked uncomfortable. He was one of those men who dislike giving their right names for fear of consequences. I introduced both of us.

"Glad to meet you," she said. "My name's Pinney. Jigs Pinney. It's really Amarillo Pinney—I was born in Amarillo, Texas—but they called me Jigs because I could dance before I could walk."

"Where did you live, as a child?" inquired Humphrey.

"I didn't live anywhere," Jigs answered. "I grew up on the road. I was a carny kid."

"A carny kid?" Humphrey's well bred face had an expression of bewilderment.

"I worked the carnies—the carnivals."

Then she told us she had been in Hollywood, working as a dancer in musicals. But so were eight thousand

The Schmichling flew out of his hands as a girl flung herself past him.

other girls, and there weren't enough musicals to go around. The old story, she said. But she didn't feel sorry for herself.

The car had stopped under the porte-cochere of the old Kip house. It was rumored to have twenty bedrooms, but Humphrey lived there alone. That is, if a man with two hundred and ten cuckoo clocks can be said to live alone. Also, he had several servants.

"One thing isn't clear to me," Humphrey spoke up. "If it was this fellow Eddie who struck the dance-hall manager, why were *you* running away? *You* did nothing wrong."

"Unless you could call conking him with my shoe wrong," said Jigs.

"Great heavens," exclaimed Humphrey, "I never heard of such a thing!"

"Then you're learning, chum," she said nonchalantly. "A high-heeled shoe is as good as a blackjack any day."

Humphrey was looking at Jigs in something of a quandary.

"Jigs," I said, "where do you go from here?"

She shrugged. "Your guess is as good as mine."

"Have you any money?" Humphrey asked. It was a foolish question, but she answered it politely. "I lost my purse when we lammed out of the Elysian. Anyway—there was nothing in it but a nickel and my Social Security ticket."

Then, to his credit, Humphrey did the handsome thing. "Come in," he said. "We'll have some supper and talk it over."

It is possible that Jigs had never before eaten supper under a Gobelin tapestry, in a dining room larger than a bus station; but she gave no sign of being impressed. There was nothing wrong with her appetite. Humphrey appeared amazed, watching her eat. She would touch none of his champagne, so Humphrey drank the whole bottle. He was in a fairly cheerful mood as we filed into the Clock Room. The walls were covered with two hundred and ten cuckoo clocks of every shape and size, all making a frantic chatter. As Humphrey climbed around winding them, he gave a discourse on their history and value. I noticed Jigs yawning. We strolled into the dim oak-paneled library, and Jigs yawned again but showed no intention of going. Perhaps it was because she had no place to go. Instead, she curled up like a cat on the divan in front of the fire. I saw Humphrey signaling to me, and I followed him out into the hall.

"Well," he demanded in a loud whisper, "what are we going to do with her?"

I had been giving this some thought. "Do you," I said, "remember the movie tonight? Do you recall your remarks—about never finding the right girl? 'The answer is to *create* her. A really young girl—intelligent, but not too set in her ways.' Well?"

Humphrey frowned gravely.

"Jigs is certainly intelligent," I went on. "And no one could say she's too set in her ways."

"I should think not! Hitting people over the head with her shoe!"

"Primitive," I said, "but full of potentialities."

"Mm . . . I see what you mean." A strange gleam came into his eye.

☆ WE went back into the library. But the excitement of the night—or perhaps the supper—had been too much for Jigs. She lay there sound asleep, firelight dancing in the gold of her hair. We tiptoed out.

At seven o'clock next morning the telephone rang in my ear. It was Humphrey—and he sounded distressed. Would I come out at once? He was standing on the steps when I drove up in a taxi.

"She doesn't understand," he said. "Apparently she mistrusts my motives. When I offered to let her live here in the house, she got boiling mad. I thought she was going to take off her shoe and hit me!"

"But you should have offered it as a job—"

"It is a job," Humphrey declared earnestly. "I'm willing to pay her twenty-five dollars a week, with room and board, as a sort of secretary to help me with the notes on my book."

Jigs was in the library, walking up and down. In the sunlight I noticed that her eyes were green—a wonderful green. They were also angry. "Say," she demanded, "what does that big stuffed tomato think I *am!*"

I tried to explain Humphrey's proposition.

"Helping him with his book!" she scoffed. "It sounds phony to me. Has he ever written a book before?"

"No," I said, "but we all have to start some time."

"The Life of William Tell, for crying out loud! What kind of a book is *that* for a guy to write?"

Patiently I pointed out that Switzerland was Humphrey's hobby. He had fallen in love with Switzerland several years ago, while traveling there. That accounted for his passion for cuckoo clocks. All his servants were Swiss. He had changed the name of his factory town from Kipville to Little Switzerland.

"The guy must be nuts," said Jigs.

Humphrey walked in then. "Well?" He smiled benevolently. "Is it all set?"

I asked Jigs if she wouldn't reconsider and accept his offer. "It's the screwiest deal I ever listened to"—she shrugged—"but a girl has to eat."

☆ A WEEK passed before I saw Jigs or Humphrey again. One afternoon I dropped by the house and found Humphrey at his desk in the library. He seemed more cheerful than usual as he reported to me that the book was progressing splendidly.

Jigs came in then, and I scarcely recognized her. The unruly gold curls were drawn into a plain knot, and she was wearing a simple little black frock set off by a white collar and cuffs. Gone were the barbaric long vermilion fingernails. She had on almost no lipstick. Only her lovely green eyes were the same.

She placed a large book in front of Humphrey.

"You'll find what you're looking for on page 423," she said.

"Thank you, Jigs." He beamed at her as she went out.

"How's she doing?" I asked.

"Oh, I'm going to change her. Definitely." He coughed. "I've started her on a course of studies. Each afternoon she has an hour of etiquette and an hour of eurythmics."

On my way out I met Jigs in the hall. I asked her if she had heard from Eddie Turk.

She shook her head. "He doesn't know where I am. I saw in the paper he's fighting next week at the Dreamland Rink."

"Not that it's any of my business," I said, "but do you expect to see him?"

"I might. He used to hand me a lot of laughs." The green eyes looked off into space. "I miss the laughs. . . ."

"But you like working with Mr. Kip?"

"He's a nice guy." She shrugged. "It's kind of a shame. He never has any fun."

I think that was the week Humphrey began having fun. It was also my introduction to Eddie Turk. Jigs and I were walking one morning up Pacific Avenue, when a strange cavalcade turned the corner. A battered old car came rattling along, and behind it jog-trotted a huge Negro and a medium-sized young man muffled in a green sweater and gray sweat pants. As they passed I noticed letters on the back of the young man's sweater spelling "Eddie Turk."

At the same instant Jigs squealed, *"Eddie!"*

He halted, and the old car shook to a stop, and the Negro sat down on the curb. "Hi," said Eddie Turk, and walked over to us. He was rather handsome in a square-jawed way, with crinkly blond hair and cold blue eyes. He looked in the pink of condition.

"Well, Miss Houdini," he greeted Jigs, "where did *you* disappear to?"

"How d'you *like* that?" Jigs winked at me. "A guy runs out on a lady—leaves her practically in the cops' clutches—and now he has the nerve to ask where she disappeared to!"

But Eddie Turk, the welterweight fighter, did not smile. His cold blue eyes were staring at me suspiciously. Jigs introduced us. I could see he didn't like me, and Jigs must have seen it too, for she at once identified me as a friend of her employer, Mr. Kip. She had tact, that girl, even social grace. I was amazed at the blithe way she explained her job and talked Turk out of his hostile mood.

"I'm fighting Kid Nazarro next week," he said.

THE AUTHOR

GENE MARKEY was graduated from Dartmouth and studied at the Art Institute in Chicago. He is well known as a novelist, playwright, and motion-picture writer-producer. He has been married to Joan Bennett and to Hedy Lamarr. Good Night, Galatea, is his first short story in twelve years. He is now on active duty in the navy.

"Watch out for that left hand of his," advised Jigs.

"I'll murder him," said Mr. Turk. He was not a modest young man. The driver of the battered car honked the horn then, and the big Negro stood up.

"Get on with your roadwork," Jigs smiled sweetly, "before you fall apart."

"Tell you what you do, honey"—the cold blue eyes frowned at her—"call me at Kelly's tonight, and we'll put on the feedbag."

"I might do that," said Jigs.

"You better," said Eddie Turk. With a wave, he trotted off.

"How about that, Jigs?" I remarked. "Is it a romance?"

"I don't know—yet." She shrugged. "But I'll say this for Eddie—he's never asked me to take etiquette lessons!"

I hastily changed the subject. We picked up Humphrey and took him to lunch on Fisherman's Wharf. Humphrey said it was a horrible place. Horrible people—

"And maybe they think *you're* not so hot," Jigs interrupted. "Anyway, it's the greatest food you ever ate."

It was. We sat at an open counter in the May sunshine and ate dozens of fresh shrimp and crab legs. Along the wharf little Monterey fishing boats were unloading their catch. Humphrey was beginning to enjoy himself. He admitted that you couldn't get such shrimp and crab at the club.

Afterward Jigs took us to Winterland, the ice-skating rink. This was another place Humphrey would have avoided. He lacked the common touch—but Jigs had it. Humphrey had never skated in his life. Jigs was wonderful at it, and she went to work on Humphrey. His clothes were wet from the falls he took, but by the end of the afternoon he was skating hand in hand with Jigs—and loving it. I watched Jigs. She was loving it too.

Humphrey had invited me to dinner on Saturday, the following week, and as I waited for a taxi newsboys were shouting a war extra. I glanced at the depressing headline of the sinking of the British battleship Hood. Then on page three I read of another disaster. Humphrey's ex-wife, Aldys, had just returned to San Francisco.

☆ I WATCHED Humphrey stirring a Martini for me before dinner. He had always done more than his share of drinking, but Jigs had suggested that if he would give it up his indigestion would disappear. So Humphrey was on the wagon, and looking healthier than I had ever seen him. Very casually I asked him if he knew his ex-wife had come to town.

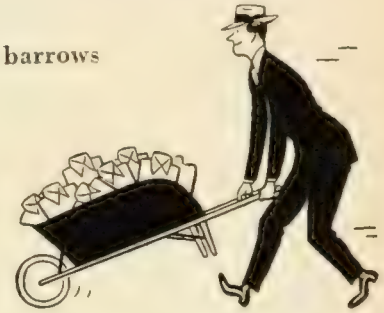
"Aldys?" He turned to me with a bland smile. "She's dining with us!"

Aldys made an effective entrance. She was tall and sleek; rather Spanish looking, and spent a great deal of money on her clothes.

"*Angel!*" She swept into Humphrey's arms.

He looked self-conscious. But Aldys behaved as if this were the most ecstatic moment in her life. She was, she said, *divinely* happy to see him. He had *never* looked so well. And so on,

FUNNY about Herb:
He never believed an ad or a plug or a blurb!
He would read about Arrow Shirts in his favorite periodical
And say, "Pish-tosh, all shirts are peas-in-a-pod-ical!"
He grumbled that the body of *any* shirt gives your abdomen
Too much room to roam in.
He kept maundering
About laundering
And thinking
Evil thoughts about shrinking.

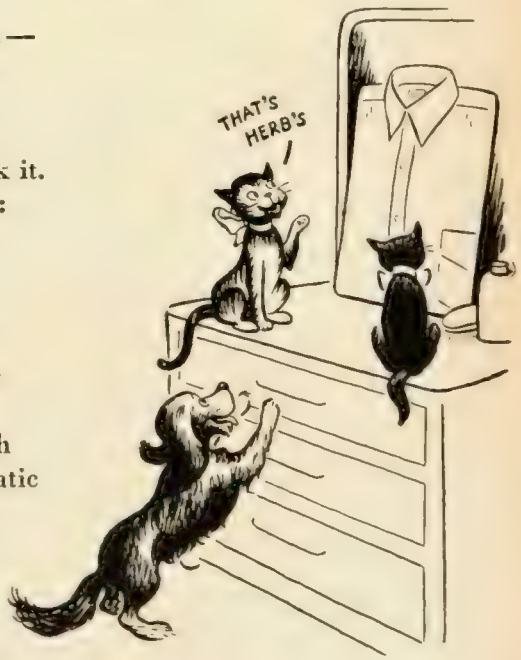


Well, we sent up a man with a couple of barrows
Of Arrows
And a note, as civil as you please,
Saying, "OK, Herb, try these."

Months pass. We get a letter from Herb,
(Who never believed an ad or plug or blurb.)
We open the first page an' see
He's working for an advertising agency!
We quote: "Forget what I said before.
Not only are those Arrows the best-looking shirts I ever wore,

But the bosoms don't bunch a bit—
Thanks to the 'Mitoga' figure-fit.
The fabric shrinks not 1%
– when my laundries dunk it
For Arrow has Sanforized-Shrunk it.
And about advertising, in a word:
I erred."

So if you too are an advertising pish-tosher,
Get some Arrows, and see if they aren't all we claim, even after dozens of trips through your wonderful new automatic washer.



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with many italics. She was even telling me how much thinner *I* looked—when Jigs came in.

It didn't require a psychoanalyst to see that they hated each other on sight. They were complete opposites: Where Jigs was simple and straightforward, Aldys was complex and clever. I saw that she was making a point of being charming to Jigs, but Jigs couldn't take it. She got out of the room quickly.

"Humphrey angel," Aldys gushed, "your secretary *couldn't* be *sweeter.*"

Humphrey looked relieved when dinner was announced. Jigs did not appear again. I have seen some good actresses in my day, but never have I watched a better performance than Aldys gave at the table. This whole situation was puzzling. Six months ago I had read that she was engaged to a stockbroker in New York. Had she returned to San Francisco merely to get Humphrey's blessing for her new marriage? I knew that she had always exercised some sort of spell over Humphrey — physical attraction, or whatever you care to call it. Before the soup was served I discovered why she had returned. She wanted Humphrey back again! And if I knew that predatory nature of hers; she would allow nothing to stand in the way of her getting him.

☆ DURING the next few days I found myself thinking a great deal about Jigs. Perhaps it was because I was worried about her that I made an excuse to return a book on Switzerland Humphrey had insisted on loaning me—and which I had no intention of reading. They were in the library, Jigs and Humphrey, looking at an array of architectural drawings spread around the room. "These are the sketches for remodeling Little Switzerland," he explained enthusiastically. At that moment I discovered how much good sense Jigs really had.

"It's going to cost two million dollars," she spoke up, "and for what? Did it ever occur to you that if they wanted to live in Swiss houses they'd have stayed in Switzerland? They're happy in *American* houses. Why don't you keep 'em happy—and keep your two million bucks at the same time?"

Even Humphrey had to admit that this made sense. "Maybe I shouldn't go through with it," he agreed. "I only wanted the town to look more like Switzerland because I think I've hit on a way to double our business."

He opened a drawer of his desk and, with the air of a vaudeville magician, produced a cuckoo clock. "Listen!" He pressed a spring. Out popped the little mechanical bird—but instead of chirping *cuckoo,* it chirped *ma-cracken.* "Hear that? That's the California quail!" Humphrey was excited. "Do you realize what it means? It means you'll be able to buy a clock that will reproduce your favorite bird call! Some people like the bobolink, others the oriole, the finch, the whippoorwill, or the tomtit! We can give 'em *any* bird call! I tell you," he exclaimed, "it may revolutionize the entire clock industry! *And,*" he added proudly, "I thought of it all myself!"

Jigs and I looked at each other. Gustav, the timid Swiss butler, came in then and said that Mrs. Kip was on the telephone. Humphrey excused himself—a trifle sheepishly, I thought—and hurried out.

"*Bird calls,*" muttered Jigs. "Listen"—her eyes were stormy. "I've done all I could for that guy!"

I stared at her. *She* had done all she could for *him?* And then suddenly it hit me. This was Pygmalion in reverse. Humphrey had not changed Jigs. It was Jigs who had changed Humphrey! She was essentially no different from the girl who had jumped in our car that night. But Humphrey was different. *Very* different! Jigs had taught him the common touch. He was having fun for the first time in his life.

"Old Humphrey," I began, "is—"

"I'm pretty sick of Old Hump!" she cried rebelliously. "The afternoons I've wasted on what he calls improving myself! That eurythmics! Walking around for hours with a book on my head! And those etiquette lessons! 'You are hostess at a charming little dinner for fourteen,'" she mocked. "'Among your guests is the Portuguese ambassador'! I *ask* you! What good will that ever do *me?* What the hell would *I* be doing with the Portuguese ambassador!" She threw out her arms in a scornful gesture. "And these clothes he got me to wear! Nothing but black! I look as if I'm on my way to a Mexican funeral!"

"Humphrey is very fond of you."

"Nuts!" She was furious now. "Since that long-necked porch climber came back to town—"

"Porch climber?"

"That old last year's squaw of his! Every time she calls him on the phone he jumps like a mechanical duck!"

"Jigs," I said, "you're jealous!"

"*Me?*" She attempted a disdainful laugh. It wasn't entirely successful.

Humphrey came in then. "Let's see," he began. "What were we talking about?"

"*Bird calls,*" said Jigs in a voice that stopped him in his tracks. She walked over to the telephone and dialed a number. "Hello? Kelly's Gymnasium? I want Eddie Turk."

☆ WE motored down to the country for dinner, Aldys and Humphrey and I. It was Aldys' idea "just to drive past" their old house in Burlingame. When we got back to town, Humphrey went off the wagon. Aldys helped him. I saw her give him a large glass—Humphrey called it a birdbath—filled with champagne and brandy. I knew then she would have him on the dotted line before midnight.

When I went out in the hall to telephone for a taxi, I heard the front door open. It was Jigs! She had come back! I don't know why I should have been so pleased about it—but I was. She had on the tight little red-and-white-striped jersey and the red skirt she had been wearing the night we met her. Eddie Turk was with her. Neither of them had seen me.

"Listen, sweetheart," Eddie Turk was saying. "The bus leaves in an hour. We'll be in Hollywood by eight in the morning. It's a big musical picture, and they'll be using a lot of girls." He sounded very persuasive. "Come on. We'll have some laughs."

"But," said Jigs doubtfully, "I'm not sure I want to leave here—"

"What's eating you, sugar?" He reached for her playfully. She backed away.

"I get it." He halted, frowning. "It's this guy Kip. You're stuck on him!"

"Don't be silly!"

"You're not the same since you been here. Listen"—his voice was tough now. "Where is he? I'm gonna straighten him out—"

In a quick strategic move Jigs shut the door in his face. "Good night, Mr. Terrible Turk," she called through the door. "Sweet dreams!"

When she turned and saw me, she laughed. I was so glad to see her, I kissed her. "You came back in the nick of time," I told her. "The cavalry to the rescue!" I steered her toward the Clock Room. "That old last year's squaw is getting in some fast work."

It was unfortunate that Humphrey should have been kissing Aldys—or vice versa—when we walked in. Aldys looked annoyed, Humphrey embarrassed. Jigs was suddenly pale. Humphrey showed the effect of those champagne-and-brandy birdbaths.

"Look," said Jigs quietly. "Don't you think you've had enough? You'll be sick again—"

"Are you his nurse?" Aldys asked sharply.

"It's a cinch *you're* not!" Jigs told her.

☆ THEN something startling happened. A man came bounding through the open French window. It was Eddie Turk. "Are you," he demanded truculently, "this guy Kip?"

"I am," said Humphrey with a champagne dignity, "and do you mind going out and coming in through the front door?"

"Yeah?" Eddie's cold blue eyes were dangerous. "First, I'm gonna straighten *you* out!"

Jigs screamed, "*Eddie!*"

But too late. Eddie had feinted with his left and let Humphrey have a right to the stomach. Humphrey went down—and out. Eddie turned to Jigs. "I'll wait for you just five minutes."

"I'm not going with you," she said.

"Yes you are, baby. I'll be waiting in the taxi." Then he went out.

Humphrey was panting and gasping. "Drink this, angel." Aldys held a glass of brandy to his lips.

"Let angel get his breath first," said Jigs, "or he'll choke."

Aldys glared. "Why don't you go? Haven't you caused enough trouble—"

"I wouldn't leave him alone with you," Jigs retorted. "I'd be afraid you'd pick his pocket."

"How *dare* you speak to me that way!" Aldys jumped up, letting Humphrey's head drop on the floor. "You—you alley cat!"

"Don't get tough with *me,*" Jigs

warned her. "I'm liable to tell why you came back to San Francisco. Old Hump, here, isn't smart enough to see through you—but his lawyer is. That's how I found out about you and the broker."

"Humphrey"—Aldys was shaking—"are you going to stand there and let this nasty little vagrant insult me!"

Humphrey wasn't standing anywhere. He was still on the floor.

"O. K." Jigs turned to Humphrey. "I suppose you think your dream girl wants you back because she can't live without you. Well, she *can't* live without you—or some *other* sucker. Because that broker she was engaged to lost all her money in the market!"

"That's a lie!" screeched Aldys.

Jigs shrugged. "Old Hump's lawyer knows all about it."

Humphrey got to his feet unsteadily. "For heaven's sake," he wheezed, "stop calling me Old Hump!"

Aldys snatched up her gloves and purse. "I'll phone you later, angel—after you get rid of this *creature!*" She put her arms around Humphrey and kissed him. I don't think Humphrey wanted to kiss her so much as he wanted something to hang on to.

"Good night, Lady Larceny," said Jigs.

Aldys sailed out of the room, and for a moment nobody spoke. Then Humphrey pulled himself together and frowned. He looked as if he were about to say something pompous. And he did. "Jigs," he said, "that was very bad manners."

Jigs stared at him. She couldn't believe he had said it. Neither could I. "Bad manners," I heard her repeat. "Is—is that all it means to you?" She turned to me and there were tears in her eyes. "What's the *use?*"

"Let's take a little walk, Jigs," I suggested. "Fresh air—"

"I need fresh air, all right"—angrily Jigs brushed away a tear—"after being in this stuffy joint! But before I go, I want to tell *you* a few things, Mr. Humphrey Kip!"

And she told him. I have never heard anybody told so *many* things at one time. I thought she was going to cry, but she didn't. She hurled the words at him passionately: "Go ahead and marry Lady Larceny again! If you're that stupid, it's just what you deserve! I'm glad *I* won't have to stick around here, watching her make a chump out of you. And I'm glad I won't have to copy any more of those dreary notes on William Tell! Wasting your time writing a book about a guy nobody knows whether he ever lived or not! And, for that matter, I'm not so sure *you're* alive. You don't *act* like it! You ought to be in a *museum*—under *glass!*"

Humphrey stood gazing at her with his mouth open.

"Always trying to make over something!" She jeered. "Trying to make over that town so it'll look like Switzerland! There's nothing wrong with Switzerland—the Swiss are a great little people. But they don't need *you*—you've got a country of your *own!*"

At this ill-chosen moment the two hundred and ten cuckoo clocks in the room began cuckooing midnight. Jigs paused and looked around at them with fierce scorn. They seemed to symbolize the whole futility of Humphrey's existence.

"*Cuckoo clocks!*" She picked up a brass ash tray and hurled it at the nearest one.

Crash! The clock flew into a thousand pieces, cuckooing madly.

"Here, here!" protested Humphrey. "You—"

Gustav the butler rushed in. "Shall I call the police, sir?"

"Get out of here, you icebox thief," shouted Jigs, seizing a bottle, "or I'll let *you* have it!"

Gustav retreated. Jigs kicked the door shut and turned on Humphrey. Her eyes were shining. She looked like that picture of Joan of Arc. "What a stuffed tomato you *really* are," she said, "running a big factory to make cuckoo clocks that nobody wants—when the same factory could be making *bomb sights!* Something the country *needs!*"

I must say it startled me. Out of that embarrassing feminine tirade had come this cool, logical idea. I looked at Jigs in admiration. Then I looked at Humphrey. He was bending over, picking up broken cuckoo-clock springs.

"But not *you!*" Jigs' voice rose in a kind of frustrated fury. "*You've* never done anything worth while in your whole silly life! *You and your bird calls!*" And she ran out of the

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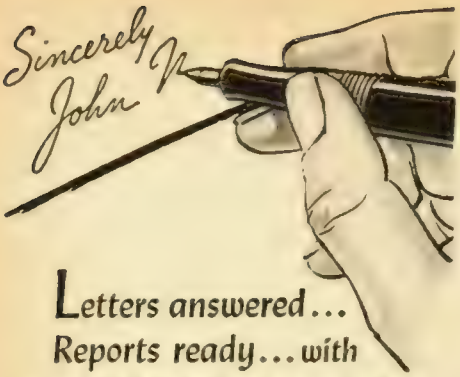

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room, slamming the door behind her.

Slowly Humphrey straightened up. "I'll be damned!"

"You were," I said, "and rather eloquently, too."

He turned to me. "That's not a bad idea of hers. About the bomb sights, I mean. Our machinery *could* turn out bomb sights. It's really a terrific idea." He snapped his fingers. "Ask her to come down and we'll talk this over."

"Too late," I said. "Didn't you hear that taxi drive away? Jigs has gone back to Hollywood."

Humphrey looked as if I had hit him. "You're kidding."

"I wish I were," I told him. "You'll find she's taking the midnight bus. With Eddie Turk."

"But she can't do *that!*" He had begun to realize what it would mean to lose Jigs. "Come on!"

We ran out, grabbing our coats in the hall. Humphrey's Darrin roadster stood in the driveway. We scrambled into it, Humphrey took the wheel, and off we roared down the hill, past the Golden Gate Bridge. It was late, but there seemed to be a lot of traffic. We went through those crowded downtown streets like an ambulance. When we reached the bus station, they told us the Hollywood bus had pulled out five minutes ago. Humphrey was already turning the car around.

"Where are you going *now?*" I asked him.

"I must get her back," he said grimly.

"But you can't catch that bus! Are you *crazy?*"

"I will be," he said, "if I don't get her back!"

Nobody ever got out of any town so fast. Before I knew it, we were on the highway, speeding down the peninsula. I will remember that ride as long as I live. And there were moments when I didn't think either of us would live long enough to remember anything! Humphrey drove like a madman. I couldn't believe it *was* Humphrey—the man who had never taken a chance in his life. We tore through that cold moonlight night at ninety miles an hour. I would have welcomed the sight of a motorcycle cop! Then, as we rounded a turn, there was the bus! It must have been doing sixty when we caught up with it. Humphrey squawked his horn—but the bus paid no attention.

☆ THERE were not many passengers inside. I could see Jigs, sitting by Eddie Turk. She looked as if she had been crying. We were racing side by side now, Humphrey squawking his horn frantically. The bus driver did not even glance at us. It was like attempting to stop a rocket plummeting through space. I tried to argue with Humphrey.

"They've got to stop *some* time!" he bellowed. "There must be a railroad crossing. . . ."

At that instant we were caught between the bus and a big moving van. I felt the paint scrape. Then we were out again, racing the bus. As soon as I got my breath, I saw that we were passing the bus. "I'll get ahead of 'em," I heard Humphrey say, "and wreck this car across the road. That'll stop 'em!"

"You'll *what?*"

We careened around another curve, and suddenly just ahead loomed a huge vegetable truck, halted at the bottom of a hill. Humphrey saw it—but too late. He jammed on the brakes, we skidded, turned around twice and caromed into the truck. The canvas sides of the truck split open, and down on us poured an avalanche of vegetables—lettuce, carrots, peas, spinach . . . and then it was raining ripe tomatoes! To my astonishment, I found that neither Humphrey nor I was hurt—but we were drenched with tomatoes.

Humphrey crawled out of the car and I followed. The bus screeched to a stop behind us and the door flew open and people came piling out. I saw Eddie Turk and Jigs. Then, in the glare of the headlights, I saw Humphrey rush up to Jigs. Covered with crushed tomatoes, he was a gory sight. You could have heard Jigs' scream for a mile! *"Darling—you've been hurt!"*

"If he hasn't been, he's gonna be *now!"* said Eddie Turk, and swung a neat left hook. Humphrey keeled over backward.

☆ A CROWD was gathering. As I came forward, trying to see through a rosy haze of that tomato juice, Humphrey staggered to his feet. Eddie Turk had whipped out of his coat and assumed the crouching attitude of the ring. As Humphrey closed in, Eddie swung another punch. But by mistake the punch caught Jigs on the chin as she rushed between them. Jigs sat down abruptly.

At this Humphrey uttered a roar of rage. He was a primitive male now, defending the woman he loved. As Eddie Turk turned to apologize to Jigs, Humphrey hit him like a whirling dervish, with both hands. Down went Eddie Turk—the most surprised man in the world. But he was up again, and boring in with rights and lefts. Humphrey got in a few punches—but it was only a question of seconds until the professional fighter would finish him. Then I saw Jigs behind Eddie, and as I stared, fascinated, she lifted one hand. In the hand was a high-heeled shoe. Through my mind flashed her words: A high-heeled shoe is as good as a blackjack.

At this point Eddie threw a hard left to Humphrey's jaw and Humphrey sagged. In the next instant, Jigs brought the high-heeled shoe down on Eddie's head. Eddie folded.

Something like a cheer went up from the crowd. I saw Jigs kneeling beside Humphrey, lifting him up, whispering endearments. Humphrey opened his eyes and smiled groggily.

"You're all right, my darling," Jigs crooned, "you're all right." Gently she removed a lettuce leaf from his collar and wiped some tomato from his face. Then she kissed him and laughed. "All you need is a little French dressing!"

THE END

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

PART FOUR—CONCLUSION

If the Windsors had *only Waited*

Was Edward wise—or did he make a gallant mistake? . . A look at what might have been

☆ A VERY gallant gentleman, Edward Windsor, but an inexcusably rash one—that, we fear, will be history's verdict on the man who might have been England's greatest king.

Take for example that basic controversy with Stanley Baldwin over the deplorable living conditions of the Welsh miners: Edward was right, Baldwin wrong; there could be no doubt about that; but, Abraham Lincoln to the contrary notwithstanding, right does not always make might.

The King was a newcomer to the political fray; Baldwin an experienced old-timer. The King was not even crowned; Baldwin was firmly entrenched in his office. So long as this arch-conservative was Prime Minister, no man in England could stand against him.

But Stanley Baldwin, for all his power, was a worn man, spent with his labors, approaching seventy. Already he had announced that he would retire from public life immediately after the coronation.

If Edward had been willing to wait just six more months before pressing for action on his program for the poor, his chief political adversary would have eliminated himself; but Edward wouldn't wait.

Instead, as we have seen, he belabored the old gentleman with demands for immediate passage of social legislation, which no Prime Minister with Baldwin's political and financial connections could be expected to tolerate.

He rushed into battle with a toy pistol which shot only caps.

In the controversy with his other principal opponent, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Edward's rashness was, as we have seen, even more apparent, and even more unnecessary. Even Edward must realize now that if he had prevented the question of his making a divorced woman his Queen from arising until after he was crowned in Westminster, the coronation would undoubtedly have taken place as planned, with Edward, not his brother, in the leading role.

Granting that the Archbishop would always have opposed the marriage, even if Edward had kept his counsel until after his coronation, it is obvious that the cleric would have been able to protest but softly. He would automatically have been deprived of his chief weapon, refusal to perform his all-important part in the actual crowning, and would certainly have been in no position to try to unseat a king that he himself in the name of the Church had just consecrated to the throne.

Two other courses were also open to Edward and Wallis at the time the former became King, but it is quite understandable that neither would appeal strongly to them. One would have been to postpone all thought of marriage until an indefinite future date; the other would have been to marry morganatically.

The first course, their love being

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the fine lasting thing it has proved to be, might have been possible.

The second course was, I believe, not only possible but entirely practicable and not too difficult for the Windsors or their opponents to accept.

Always granting reasonable caution on Edward's part in pursuing his plans for the miners, the Archbishop would have been glad to have "settled" for a morganatic marriage, and Baldwin would not have opposed it. Making a divorced woman and an American woman Queen was what stuck in their respective crops.

In this connection it should be made clear that there is nothing immoral or illegal about a morganatic marriage. It is a legal union sanctioned by the Church and State, and, as such, carries with it no stigma whatsoever. There is, however, a widespread misunderstanding on this subject which Edward would doubtless have felt might be a cause of continuing embarrassment to his wife.

But, considering how much embarrassment and humiliation the course which he did choose caused her, an officially approved and ecclesiastically blessed morganatic marriage would seem to have been far preferable, at least as a first step.

☆ IT is not necessary to go into detail about the slanders heaped on the head of this woman, who behaved with rare dignity throughout a whispering campaign of vilification which in retrospect seems like a chapter from a horror story. Two examples are sufficient to give the picture.

There was, for instance, that cruel attempt to make her out a Nazi sympathizer because she knew Joachim von Ribbentrop. Of course she knew him. So did Edward. So did every important person in royal or official circles. And why not? Von Ribbentrop was a representative in London of a great nation with which Britain was at peace. But that she knew him, except in the most formal way, was a tale made out of whole British tweed.

The even more serious charge, that she used her influence to force the King's abdication, the whole world now knows is not true. Edward is said to have left for history's indelible record a note in his own handwriting to Stanley Baldwin requesting that worthy, as a last favor to the man whom he had sworn to serve as King, to state in his address to Parliament that Mrs. Simpson "had done all in her power to prevent his going."

"I did not want him to abdicate," Wallis herself has since told the press. "I did everything to prevent it—everything. But by that time I could not influence him. He had made up his mind to what he believed was the right course. Some day—some day—the world will know the whole truth, and will love him for his great courage, as I do."

Add to these charges and many like them, the obscene jests, the leering insinuations, the open charges of moral delinquencies, to which she was subjected by the publicity attending Edward's attempt to force her too soon on a nation unprepared, and it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that almost *any* course would have been preferable, from her standpoint, to the one her royal lover chose.

All this Edward could have known and should have known, and probably would have known if he had not been infatuated to the point of blindness.

What he could not, perhaps, have been expected to foresee was that, quite apart from any action on his part, changes were coming in British public life which would soon banish from the nation's councils those men who felt as Stanley Baldwin felt and would beckon to the seats of the mighty those men who felt as Edward Windsor felt.

Already this miracle has been wrought. Around the ministerial board at No. 10 Downing Street, where the plot was presumably hatched to get rid of the man who had offended by "his campaigns among the poor," there now sit, as bulwarks of His Majesty's government, Bevin, Attlee, Morrison, chosen leaders of the British laboring men for whom Edward had said, "Something will be done."

At the head of that board sits Edward's closest friend in public life, chief spokesman in Parliament for the brave few who dared to protest against the plan to "railroad" the King, sole guest (with Edward's favorite brother, the Duke of Kent) at that last sad luncheon before the ex-King sailed away into exile—Winston Churchill.

With these men in Downing Street, and Edward Windsor King in Buckingham Palace, *and American aid essential to save England from the Hun,* does any reasonable person think that the people's King would be denied the chance to help cement Anglo-American solidarity by taking the American lady of his choice to be his Queen?

☆ BUT Edward couldn't wait. At least, he didn't. And now, instead of being the beloved leader of a great people, he is Exhibit A for the tourist trade on a tiny island off the coast of Florida.

Bitter to this King of Exiles must be the realization, arrived at too late, that this thing need not have been, that the world's grandest gesture was the world's greatest blunder; that if he had not made it, he might now be King of England and Wallis Windsor might be his Queen!

And what of the future?

From Nassau the Windsors must go either up or down.

Up to what?

Nothing much so long as the war lasts, because even Edward's friends, who are now in power, dare not risk fanning into flames again the fires of prejudice and rancor which still lie deep in many British breasts at a time when national unity is essential to the preservation of national life.

After the war? Viceroy of India perhaps. Edward is immensely popular in that land of his former triumphs. There is a big job to be done there.

He could do it. And if he did, there is no telling what might be his final destination. Is it too much to believe that he himself might sometime sit at the head of the table in the council chamber at 10 Downing Street?

And if it isn't up that they go, how far down may it be?

Not far, of course, as to the material comforts of everyday existence. They won't be haunting second-rate hotels. They won't be dodging creditors. They won't be prostituting their name and fame for a hunk of bread or a glass of wine. For Edward Windsor, with or without a government grant, is a very wealthy man.

Neither will Edward and Wallis be forced to join the gloomy company of deposed and exiled kings and queens whose royal houses have fallen into ruin. They are men and women without a country. They are *déclassé*.

Edward Windsor, on the other hand, is a member—to many people still *the* member—of the reigning family of the most powerful nation in the European world. He is not deposed. He deposed himself—but needlessly.

☆ AND will it be up or down, the Windsors' future progress? That will depend, in the last analysis, on the effect of this cataclysmic metamorphosis on Edward himself.

At the moment the prospect is none too happy. No one could have behaved more gallantly in the vicissitudes through which he has passed than this man so unused to vicissitudes. Outwardly he has set a brave and smiling face to a cruel world. Inwardly, however, there are indications that things are not so well with him.

In the first chapter of this narrative we saw how the disparity between the domain Governor General Edward now rules and the far-flung empire he once ruled mirrored, as no words could, the depth of his worldly fall. There is a shrinkage also to be found in the intellectual preoccupations of this once great world figure which parallels with disconcerting closeness the shrinkage in his environment.

Today, in spite of a courageous effort to hold up his end in discussions on current topics, he is essentially a man with a one-track mind.

"The dominating passion of his life," visitors to Nassau agree, "is to have people pay court to his Duchess."

And, as we have seen, the pursuit of that dominating passion, Bahamian society being what it is, has become very nearly a full-time occupation.

Of course there is more than appears on the surface in Edward Windsor's insistence that deference equal to that shown himself be shown the woman he loves.

Titles mean little to this man who has borne so many of them. But marrying a woman who had been much persecuted and much maligned, and to whom he could not give the high honor which he had planned for her, he wished to bring her every honor that he still could. For this, and for this alone, he fought.

Unquestionably, when he left England he believed that his wife-to-be would be accorded the titles and privileges which were her right as the consort of the brother of the King. But, on May 29, 1937, five days before his wedding, the representatives of the landowning and mining interests who then constituted the British government, served notice on him that "By Letters Patent under the Grand Seal of the Realm, the King, George VI, has been pleased to declare that the right to the title of Royal Highness, borne by Edward, Duke of Windsor, was limited to him personally, and that his wife and his descendants, if any, should not hold such title."

☆ IN other words, Edward's wife could be called the Duchess of Windsor—they couldn't take that away from her since she was legally married to the Duke—but, although her husband was His Royal Highness the Duke, she could not be Her Royal Highness the Duchess, and no child that she might bear could ever inherit his father's title.

There is no disguising the fact that this final, premeditated insult to the woman he loves cut Edward Windsor far more deeply than the loss of what he had found to be the empty title of king.

If it hadn't been for the war and his sincere desire to sink all personal considerations in service to his country, he would never have gone back to the land of his birth until the woman he loved had been raised to the rank which was rightly hers. Even so, he would not go back alone!

And now that his offer of service has been rewarded, first, with a sinecure in Paris, after he had asked for military service at the front, and now with an obscurity which he endures, his understandable resentment on this count has gathered size and momentum until it has become quite naturally an obsession.

So perhaps it is not his fault, or at least not wholly so, that his horizon has narrowed. It has been narrowed for him by the enemies he has made.

The Nassau job is a petty one. The people with whom he has to deal are, in many cases, petty. The preoccupations with which he must concern himself are the preoccupations which his job makes for him, his people force upon him—petty preoccupations.

Nevertheless the picture is not a pretty one—the most popular Englishman who ever lived busying himself with the trumpery small-town bickerings of an insular colonial society—the once great Edward VIII, by the grace of God, of Great Britain and Ireland, and of the British Dominions beyond the Seas, King, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India, fiddle-faddling while London burns.

That the former King is keenly aware of the false position in which he finds himself serves to etch more deeply the shadows in the picture.

But in that awareness—who can tell?—may lie real hope for the future of Edward and Wallis Windsor!

THE END

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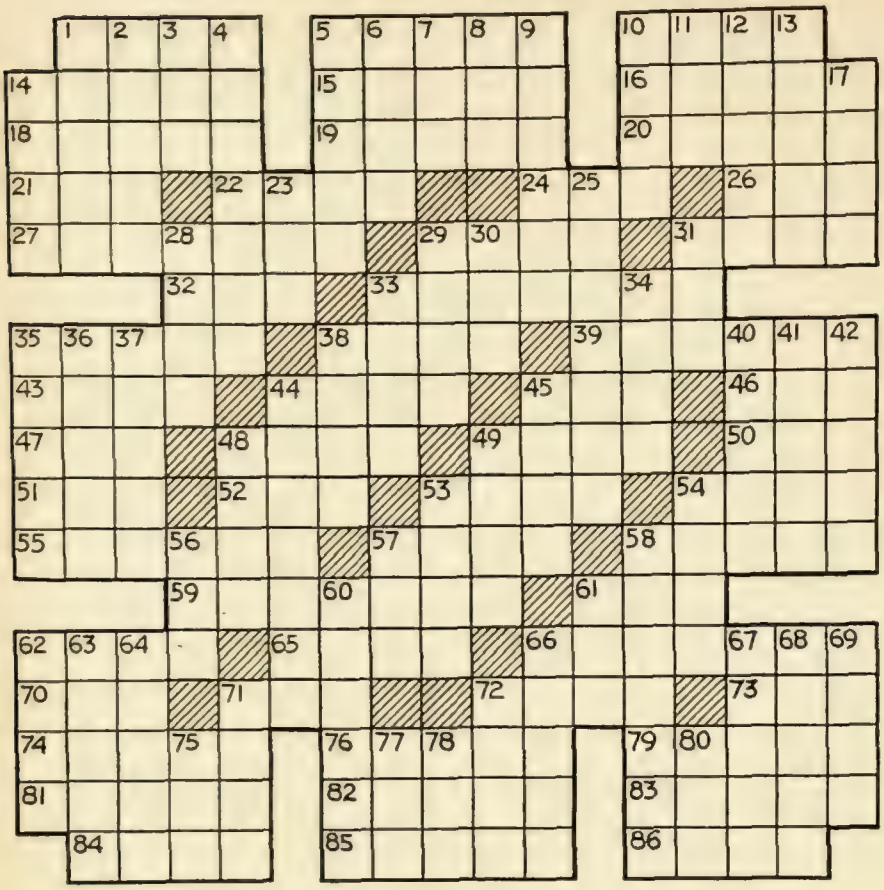
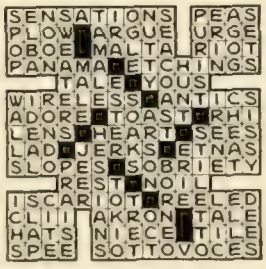


HORIZONTAL

1 Slender
5 Bird
10 Disfigures
14 Prop up
15 Without company
16 Door (pl.)
18 Refuge
19 Atrophy
20 Fix again
21 Imitate
22 Word of ratification
24 Article
26 Before
27 Infers
29 Single
31 Again
32 Stitch
33 Hardened
35 Skinned
38 Fruit
39 An original structure
43 Was indebted to
44 Twinge
45 South American wood sorrel
46 Hail!
47 Lick up
48 Plait
49 Tibetan deer
50 Craw
51 Part of to be
52 Tree
53 Gladly
54 Naked
55 Tell
57 Stew
58 Indulge
59 Determined
61 Sharp blow
62 Poet
65 Lodged for the night
66 Frolicked



Last week's answer

70 Period
71 Consumed
72 Prefix: half
73 In past time
74 Mad
76 Stiffness
79 Carries
81 Pungency
82 Silly
83 Stout
84 Paradise
85 Mountain range
86 Lean

VERTICAL

1 Form
2 Cherished
3 Anger
4 Threatened
5 Detests
6 Spirit
7 Plunder
8 Number
9 Snuggle
10 Only
11 Tool
12 Moved upward
13 Unit of measure
14 Fish
17 Boil slowly
23 Cry, as of a cat
25 Musical instrument
28 Employed
29 Male deer
30 Over (poet.)
31 Commotion
33 Dispatch
34 Jacob's brother (Bib.)
35 Pertaining to the Arctic and Antarctic
36 Conscious
37 Repulse
38 Part of the hand
40 Range
41 Elude
42 Fresher
44 Skunk
45 Part of the United States
48 Festival
49 Declared
53 Ran away
54 Part of the body
56 Affix
57 Poem
58 Legislative building
60 Ancient name of Spain
61 Hydraulic engine
62 Stops
63 Openmouthed
64 Ask again
66 Roman goddess
67 Scolds
68 Void
69 Anything nauseous
71 Seaport in Arabia
72 Performed
75 Confection
77 Country hotel
78 Roam about
80 Japanese sash

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

Picture

HOWARD BARNES.

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT

READING TIME
5 MINUTES
40 SECONDS

★ ★ ★½ ALL THAT MONEY CAN BUY

If you like unusual pictures, make a note of this movie. It's fantastic and fascinating. While it is something of an artistic triumph, it's also elegant entertainment. Without big stars in the cast, it will probably have tough going at the box office, but it is certain to make a lot of friends. The story of a New Hampshire farmer who sold his soul to the devil a hundred years ago has a curious appeal. It's been told stunningly on the screen.

The film is based on Stephen Vincent Benét's tale called The Devil and Daniel Webster. The movie preserves all of the mysticism and allegory of the original. It might well be called a morality screen play with no chance of missing the moral. Jabez Stone, a young hard-working farmer, has a run of bad luck. Finally he cries out that it's enough to make a man sell his soul to the devil. Pronto appears one Mr. Scratch (the devil to you). He kicks up a board in the barn floor and shows Jabez a pile of gold coins, but he makes him sign over his soul in return for seven years of prosperity.

The prosperity comes, and with it Mr. Scratch's helper, a good-looking ruthless wench who moves right in on the hero. Finally Jabez' nice wife goes to Daniel Webster for help. The great orator arrives just in time to fight the devil for Jabez' soul. In a weird trial scene, he addresses a ghost jury of American traitors and scoundrels and wins an acquittal for Farmer Stone. Jabez is once more poor, but he has his soul and his family.

This sort of stuff is difficult to put over in a movie. It asks a lot of tolerance from an audience. It demands both a realistic and fantastic treatment and first-rate acting. The treatment is excellent. The performing is top-notch. It's up to the individual spectator as to whether he will go along with the strange narrative or turn thumbs down on the whole show. Me, I like it fine.

The man who produced and directed All That Money Can Buy has made unusual films before. The Story of Louis Pasteur was one of them. The Life of Emile Zola was another. His directorial touch is as sure here as ever. The scenes in which Mr.

ou ought to see

By Howard Barnes

Scratch appears have enough eerie quality to make your hair stand on end. At the same time they are often extremely funny. The sequences showing Jabez literally going to the devil with too much money are handsome and believable. The philosophy behind the theme comes across, but always in terms of good movie. It strikes me that Dieterle has done a knockout job with challenging subject matter.

Edward Arnold plays Daniel Webster with great gusto and sympathy. Walter Huston is even better as Mr. Scratch. He may be portraying evil incarnate, but he makes it a memorable figure. Meanwhile two of the best youngsters coming along—James Craig and Anne Shirley—play Jabez Stone and his wife with authority and feeling. Simone Simon is back again after a couple of years' absence and very good, too, as the come-hither girl who is in league with Mr. Scratch. And Jane Darwell, Gene Lockhart, John Qualen, and H. B. Warner take care of minor roles splendidly. The Benét story is already a stand-out piece of contemporary literature. The movie made from it is certainly in the same bracket.

(RKO Radio.)

★ ★ ★ INTERNATIONAL SQUADRON

The latest of the aviation films is what Hollywood would call a sleeper. It was made for peanuts compared to such flight epics as I Wanted Wings or Dive Bomber. It has no outstanding stars. Just the same, it's more exciting and moving than lots of fancy budget movies. Dealing, as it does, with the R. A. F. in action, it has a savage belt to its scenes of dogfights and formation attacks.

The story is nothing to get excited about, but at least it keeps the action spinning and allows fine players to knock out vivid characterizations. The hero is a reckless American flyer who ducks out of an alienation-of-affections suit by flying a bomber to England. He's not interested in the war until he experiences the terror of an air raid. Then he joins up with the motley bunch of fighting aviators which gives the show its name. He quickly becomes an ace, but he chafes at discipline and unwittingly causes the death of two pilots.

Finally he makes atonement by taking another pilot's place in a desperate bombing mission. Familiar material, yes, but still sound enough to make International Squadron a spine-tingling aviation melodrama. The ending is reminiscent of Dawn Patrol, which dealt with that war to end all wars. It's equally effective.

Ronald Reagan, who's as promising a young actor as you'll find, gives a taut and convincing performance as the ill-fated hero. The real acting honors, though, go to the late James Stephenson. He is magnificent as the squadron commander who understands and handles the crazy American. The screen will miss Stephenson. Olympe Bradna plays a pretty refugee driving for the squadron pleasantly, and Cliff Edwards gets a bit of comic relief into the proceedings. Don't get me wrong, though. International Squadron is no comedy. It's a grim and realistic war picture—far better than you might have expected with its Class B budget.

(Warner Brothers.)

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—The Little Foxes, The Stars Look Down, Sergeant York, Major Barbara, Citizen Kane.

★★★½—Hold Back the Dawn, The Devil and Miss Jones, That Hamilton Woman! A Girl, a Guy and a Gob.

★★★—Navy Blues, Lydia, Dive Bomber, Nothing but the Truth, Life Begins for Andy Hardy, Charley's Aunt, Here Comes Mr. Jordan, Wild Geese Calling, Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, Sun Valley Serenade, Lady Be Good, Father Takes a Wife, Tom, Dick and Harry, My Life with Caroline, Manpower, The Bride Came C. O. D., They Met in Bombay, Moon over Miami, Blossoms in the Dust, Tight Shoes, Underground, The Big Store, Man Hunt, Out of the Fog, Caught in the Draft, In the Navy, Billy the Kid, Sunny, Blood and Sand, The Reluctant Dragon, Love Crazy, Kiss the Boys Goodbye, A Woman's Face, One Night in Lisbon, The Wagons Roll at Night, The Great American Broadcast, The Girl in the News, Flame of New Orleans, Ziegfeld Girl, The Cowboy and the Blonde, Penny Serenade, Pot o' Gold, The Sea Wolf, That Night in Rio, I Wanted Wings, Road to Zanzibar.

☆ LIBERTY'S BOOK TIP ☆

by Donald Gordon

BETWEEN TWO AUTUMNS, by Percy Marks.

Every so often Percy Marks (remember *The Plastic Age?*) turns out a novel of bang-up entertainment with considerably more intellectual meat on it than the usual time killer provides. In this a psychological mystery blows into the home of a Westchester editor and his invalid wife on the wings of the 1938 hurricane. This man, well born, splendidly educated, of many skills and talents, not a fugitive and not in need of money, is genuinely happy to stay on as a gardener. The answer will keep you turning pages.

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★ ★ ★ ★

Those who have bathed their eyes in the romance of Moonyean Clare will be interested to know that in this moon-drenched incarnation, the director, Frank Borzage, has rendered us a musical version.

Starring the incomparable Jeanette MacDonald. And co-starring the logical choice—Brian Aherne as Sir John Carteret.

★ ★ ★ ★

Gene Raymond and Ian Hunter must be emphasized, for they are major curves in a rounded cast.

★ ★ ★ ★

As the theatre darkens and the travelling curtains part, leaving an afterimage of the main title, the strains of "Two Eyes of Blue Come Smilin' Through" pleasantly massage our hearts and a lovely wistful story of honor and chivalry unfolds.

★ ★ ★ ★

Many of us are in love with the spirit of "Smilin' Through". Many more of us will be when we see and hear Jeanette's Moonyean in perfected Technicolor.

★ ★ ★ ★

There are songs that no one can deny. All of us will react soulfully to Miss MacDonald singing "Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes" and "Just A Little Love, A Little Kiss".

★ ★ ★ ★

And to the more rousing, gayer melodies that throng through this visit to Nostalgia.

★ ★ ★ ★

Or, reducing ourselves to show parlance, "Smilin' Through" has everything.

★ ★ ★

That includes

—Leo

Advertisement for *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures*

THE NATURALIZATION OF JOE MENDOZA

Continued from Page 17

He considered the problem gravely. Jewelry? No; too personal. Clothing? He dismissed that for the same reason.

Then he smote his palms together. Of course! If she was bound to remain in a house, why not give her a good one? He ran at once to the barn.

This time he drove to Lankershim village. At length he saw what he looked for—a brightly painted sign: "Jack Spellman, Architect and Contractor. Why Pay Rent?"

Jack Spellman proved to be a young man in shirt sleeves, with a smile that gained warmth when he understood Mr. Mendoza did not look for work but wanted a house built.

"That's splendid," he said. "How many rooms?"

Joe mentally estimated how many rooms would keep Cecilia busy, then answered, "Ten."

Spellman looked startled but wrote down, "Ten rooms." Then, "And what style house, Mr. Mendoza?" Joe looked blank, so Spellman reached for a book of drawings. "How much are you prepared to pay?" he asked.

Joe waved a hand. "You show. Is money."

Spellman decided you can never lose by being polite. He was right. Joe finally put his finger on the drawing of a fine Spanish-Moorish residence and said, "That." And work must start that very day, he added, and go forward without delay. When he left, Spellman's palsied hands held a wet check for the entire sum, which was twenty-two thousand five hundred dollars.

☆ BACK at the farm again, Joe sought Rivas. "Come," he ordered. "I will show thee the next job to be done." He took the old man halfway across the farm, and by a sweeping gesture indicated the whole of the potato acreage and the tomatoes. "Clear this land. Destroy it all."

Old Rivas stared. "Hast thou gone mad?"

"Do as I tell thee," said Joe with irritation. "I build a house."

"Oh," said Rivas, understanding. He coughed. "In Bakersfield I was helper once to a carpenter—"

"No," said Joe firmly. "This must be a fine house. It is to be a present for a woman."

Old Rivas opened his mouth, but closed it again in time. Joe just then caught sight of several wagons turning onto his place off the highway and ran off quickly. Rivas stared after him several minutes, then shook his head. "A woman," he muttered. "Thou hast been a fool to hope, Rivas."

The wagons proved the advance guard of Spellman's crew. Within an hour men were digging for the foundations.

That day and the week following Joe did not miss Cecilia so much, for he found building a house an absorbing thing. He was everywhere, helping to dig, bring lumber, pile bricks, complain about lagging workmen.

The wagons bringing materials ruined the irrigation system, and soon the piles of brick, stone, and mortar overflowed into the celery and then into the lettuce; but Joe paid no attention. "Do not bother me," he told Rivas when Rivas complained.

Naturally, wishing it to be a surprise, he told Rivas no more. He hugged himself with pleasure when he thought of Cecilia's surprise when she knew it was to be hers. Excited as he was all day, he took to going evenings into Los Angeles for dominoes or talk.

☆ ONE such evening three weeks later, when the construction at last began to look like a dwelling, he sat in the Cantina of the Purified Saints rolling *cigarrillos* and listening to the music, when without warning rain began drumming on the roof. In ten minutes a typical desert rain fell with fire-hose force on the plaza and filled the gutters to the sidewalks. Driving home was out of the question. Joe dived through the downpour to put his horse in a livery stable and seek Frank Lopez' hotel for himself.

By dawn the rain had gone as suddenly as it came. Joe was happy as he drove through Hollywood, a quiet suburb set among pepper trees, out Cahuenga Pass, then over the plank bridge crossing the Los Angeles River. The river beneath was now no mere trickle, but a high muddy flow. Debris, spewed up at high-water mark the night before, showed that somewhere up the valley damage had been done.

But Joe paid no attention. He whistled tunelessly as he drove.

But abruptly the whistle stopped and he half rose in surprise to peer ahead. Then he sat down, hard, and lashed the horse into a gallop.

When, ten minutes later, he turned off the highway, it was not onto a farm but a long, desolate flat of wet sand and mud. Twenty yards off, the river raged between newly cut banks. Nowhere was his house to be seen. In fact, the only building left standing was Joe's own shack. He saw Cecilia standing on the river bank and staring off as if unaware of his approach. He jumped from the buckboard and ran to her with a furious string of questions. She only shrugged and pointed at the river. What could be said? It was plain that during the storm the river had risen, jumped its old bed, and carried everything away before digging this new channel.

Cecilia's face was like a mask. However, her words seemed desirous of conveying some comfort. "*Vaya,*" she said, "all is not lost. The lettuce field is untouched, the soil is still on the melon acres. There is yet a farm."

"Where is thy father? He is safe?"

"He lies in bed in thy shack. He injured his foot trying to save things."

"Thanks be to God," mumbled Joe.

Cecilia seemed strangely unmoved. *She really hates me,* he thought. *Useless now to tell her the house was for her.* Aloud he said, "Dost thou know just how it happened?"

"Last night, when rain fell hardest, a walnut tree crashed into the river above. The river rose behind it and began flowing into thy irrigation ditches. It swept everything away before cutting the new channel."

It was a long speech for her, and given glibly as if rehearsed. Joe frowned. "How dost thou know the tree fell when it rained hardest?"

There was the barest pause before she shrugged.

Something was wrong. "Look at me," Joe commanded. Her glance came defiantly up to his, but she could not sustain his searching look. "Thou liest," said Joe evenly.

"Why should I trouble to lie?"

He seized her wrists. She struggled angrily. "Let me go."

His questions suddenly came swiftly and relentlessly: "Thou didst not see the water come into the ditch last night—and warn no one? Thou didst not want such a thing to happen?" He was struck by a new thought. "Or maybe thou didst dig around the roots of that tree thyself, seeing how things were last night?"

She suddenly went limp in his hands and burst into tears. Joe had the truth.

Joe threw her to the ground. Her body moved convulsively, racked by sobs. He stood over her. His voice was thick with rage. "Have I ever hurt thee in any way? Hast thou cause for revenge against me? That house cost me my fortune."

She found her voice. It shook with passion. "What do I care about thy house or fortune?"

Joe straightened. He had told her father the house was to be a present for a woman. She had done all this from jealousy!

☆ JOE walked to the shack. Old Rivas lay on the bunk, his foot in a bandage. On seeing Joe, he rose excitedly to his elbows. "*Patrón,* believe me, I did all I could until a wall fell on my foot. I knew nothing until Cecilia woke me—"

"Silence!" roared Joe.

Rivas' mouth hung open with astonishment. Joe strode moodily to a window and stared at his sodden farm. Nothing was left but to start over. He wondered if the fact he was virtually broke would delay his getting final papers. But no; Bill had repeatedly told him citizenship was available to rich and poor alike. That was something. In fact—

He suddenly clung to the window sill. A thought hit him like a blow. Had Cecilia unwittingly solved everything? He whirled on his foreman. "Rivas," he said in great excitement, "wouldst thou *give* thy daughter to a man if he were penniless?"

"Eh?" asked Rivas in great surprise. Then he saw how things were, and leaned back. "Yes, *patrón,*" he said, and sighed with relief.

THE END

IS SOUTH AMERICA THE BUNK?

Continued from Page 18

pensive South American markets? If they have any sense, they will.

There is this difference between us and our Argentine competitors: Our principal market for wheat and beef is right here at home. The Argentine's principal market is Europe. We export our surplus; they export their main crop. It is ridiculous for us to believe that the Argentine will or can make great purchases of manufactured goods from the United States if we cannot and will not take her pay crops off her hands. Nor can we prevent the Argentine from finding some way to deal with her principal customer, the continent of Europe, who really needs her products. It is fantastic to offer a country "good neighborliness" on the one hand and starvation on the other. That sort of policy blows up in the face of its authors because it is based upon wishes and not upon facts.

There are, of course, items of trade which can be obtained in South American countries which we have been accustomed to purchase in Asia or Europe. The principal commodities of this type are tin and perhaps manganese. Generally speaking, native materials or synthetic products are rapidly replacing most of our imports. Coffee, cocoa, tin, tea, spices and herbs, and a few of the rarer metals are among the very few imports for which there are no American substitutes. None of them is essential to our lives.

Politics often ignores facts. But the facts stand firm. It is fatuous to think of America's economic future being in South America. If we lose the European market, and if we cannot hold our markets in Japan, then we may be forced to readjust our economy to do without foreign markets, except those in North America. Certainly there is nothing today to justify the assumption that there is a great market for us in the Argentine or anywhere else in Latin America.

THE END

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OUR LATIN-AMERICAN LIFELINE

Continued from Page 19

All that is reducing neighborliness to dollars and cents. It has other aspects. We have let Germany get into our neighborhood and raise hell with it. The consequences are seen, as this is written, in border wars and Nazi putsches in Bolivia and Cuba, happily nipped in the bud. Destruction of the republican form of government, first in South America, then in Central America, ultimately in our own country, does not depend upon an armed invasion. It can be done by *ideas*. Are we to abandon Latin America to the spurious Nazi culture, or are we to go ahead, as we are doing, to blend the American ways of life into a glorious entity? We cannot accomplish the latter without intercourse, which is based on trade.

Is it fatuous to think of America's economic future being in South America?

Not when South America can provide us with everything we need to import—even tea—and is anxious to buy everything we can export, including ideas, if only we will give it practical and sentimental encouragement. Contrary to argument based upon an originally false premise, there is everything to justify the belief that there is a great market for us in South America. There it is—growing, expanding! And the biggest bunk conceivable is that the United States can shut itself up in a shell like a turtle and hibernate. The twin Americas are as indispensable to each other as the Siamese twins.

The funny thing is that everybody seems to realize it except us in the United States. But we are learning!

THE END

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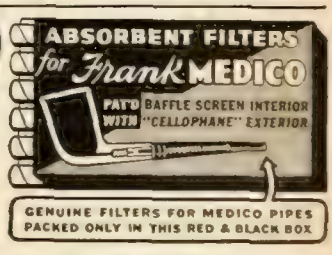

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To a young Thief

Liberty's True Short Short

BY EDWARD DOHERTY

☆ DEAR JOE:

Your letter got by the warden all right, and without being censored. I'm taking this means of answering it, Joe, because I want a lot of other kids to read it. It may keep them from being suckers and getting themselves shut up in jail.

You know you were a sucker, Joe. Don't you? You had a chance to join the club. And what did you do? You said it was a racket. Remember? You said it was only sissies that would join a club like that, and learn things, and go camping for a couple of weeks in summer, and do what a lot of old sourpusses told them to do.

You had a chance to join the Madison Square Boys' Club, one of the finest clubs in all the world. And you said "Nix." You said you weren't going to be "one of them goody-goody goons." And so you land in the hoosegow.

I was interested in one part of your letter—the paragraph in which you said you'd been put to work in the print shop. That's almost a joke. You, the tough guy who said no smart guy worked, you're working in spite of yourself! I hope you like it, Joe.

You could have learned that trade at the Boys' Club, of course. You could have learned it under a competent teacher. And you probably would have got a swell job, through the club, when you were considered O. K.

I was in the club the other day with the director. We walked into one of the playrooms and saw a kid there shooting billiards. He was a kid about your age, Joe.

"Want a job in a print shop, Sam?" the director said to this boy.

"Think I can fill it?" the boy asked.

"Sure. See me after you're through."

This kid Sam is just one of many members of the club. And the job isn't the only thing he got out of the club. He's got a strong body, a trained mind, and a store of ideas that will guide him safely all through life. You'll never find that kid in anybody's penitentiary. And you'll never find him in anybody's bread line, Joe.

Sam was a skinny kid when he joined the club. You could have smacked him down without half trying. Well, just try smacking him down now, baby, and see where you land.

Athletics have made a great change in him. He's one of the club's champion amateur boxers. He's a first-rate swimmer. Learned in the club's pool.

Let me tell you some more about Sam. You'd like to know what could have happened to you if you'd joined the club. If you'd done as Sammy did. Wouldn't you? Sure you would.

Well, at first Sam just had a good time. There were all kinds of games, and the other kids showed him how to enjoy them. Then he went in for sports—you know, swimming, boxing, playing handball, ping-pong, basketball, and things like that. And there was some baseball at camp, and fishing, and canoeing, and walking through the woods. He got interested in birds he saw in the woods and an old guy there put him wise to their ways.

Then he got interested in painting. He wanted to paint pictures of birds in their natural colors, so he joined the art class at the club. And later he joined the sculpture class so he could make birds out of clay.

This was fun and it was interesting. But Sam wanted to learn some sort of trade that would take care of him when he got out of school.

Sam's folks are poorer than yours, Joey. They couldn't afford to send him to college, any more than yours could. But he got a swell education at the club just the same.

There were many trades he could have learned in the club. Carpentry, for instance, or photography, or leatherwork, or machinery. But he wanted to be a printer. Oh, leather appealed to him for a time, and photography, and he had, for a month or two, an ambition to be an actor.

They have two theaters in the new club building. The kids make up plays and various kinds of entertainment, and produce them in one of those theaters. They make costumes too—and what a kick they get out of that! A lot of big shots come to the stage of this auditorium, pal, to say hello to the boys. These big shots don't think the kids are goons. They think they're smart.

The other theater, Joe, is for marionette shows. Puppets. The kids make their own puppets. They carve them out of wood or make them of other materials—and make costumes for them and dress them, and think up things for them to do and to say. That requires skill. But what fun it is! A lot more fun than you had planning that robbery and trying to carry it out. You couldn't make the cops act like puppets, could you, Joe?

Yeah, Sam could have been an actor, an artist, a sculptor, a machinist, a photographer, or most anything else. But he had a yen for printing. So he became a printer. Funny, ain't it—you and Sam winding up in the printing trade? But you took the hard way, and you're in the pen. You can't get out for five years. And when you do, what references have you? All the boss printers want to see them. References, Joe, not fingerprints.

As I said, I walked around the new building the other day. The place was alive with boys. Good boys. Happy boys. Having fun. Boy, you can't get that sort of fun in jail.

About $450,000 was spent on that building, just for kids. The men who handle the funds think they've made a good investment. They're glad they can do something for boys—something to keep them from going wrong, as you did; from getting into bad company and ruining their lives.

You had your chance to profit by their generosity. Many another kid would have given his right eye for a chance to join that club. But you had to be a wise guy. You didn't like good boys. You didn't think they got any fun or excitement out of life. And you didn't believe in good men, in men who feel it a duty and a joy to give kids a break. And there you are!

Maybe you think this club and all other boys' clubs are rackets. Maybe you still think somebody's getting his out of starting clubs like that.

Of course the members do pay dues. But they get a lot out of their membership—fun, athletics, sport, education, training, friends, and opportunities. They develop perfect bodies. You know something interesting? Out of twenty boys who went into the army from this particular club, the medical authorities O. K.'d only twenty. Yep, every one of them. Out of the other kids in the neighborhood, 40 per cent were rejected. The club develops wholesome habits. The boys become fine citizens.

And do you know how much it costs them to belong to the club?

It costs the young fellows ten to fifteen cents a year, and the older boys a dollar and something a year.

No kidding. A dime a year. You could have been a kid like Sam for a dime a year, Joe. A dime would have got you into the Boys' Club. But a dime won't get you out of the pen. A million wouldn't get you out. Nothing will get you out but hard work and good behavior—and the recommendation of the parole board.

Joe, don't you think you were a fool?

THE END

"THE TORPEDO STRUCK US WITH THE ROAR OF DOOM!"

A true experience of Frank C. Davidson, Truro, Nova Scotia, Stoker First Class, on the torpedoed H. M. S. Rajputana.

1 **"HAD WE EXPECTED** a *second* torpedo to strike the wounded British Cruiser, *Rajputana*, two of the boys and I would never have scrambled below to save a few of our belongings.

2 **"BUT THERE WE WERE,** in the stokers' mess, when torpedo number two ripped into us with a terrific explosion. Instantly, we were in utter darkness . . . trapped by tables, chairs, and lockers crashing about us. Escape seemed impossible... until I remembered my flashlight.

3 **"WITH THE AID** of that light, we managed to fight our way, dazed and confused, to the boat deck, just as the captain gave the order to abandon ship. I shall never forget what might have happened out there on the Atlantic had it not been for my flashlight and 'Eveready' *fresh* DATED batteries.

(Signed)

Frank C. Davidson"

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The Police Look at *Baby* Farms

BY HELEN WORDEN AND EDWARD DOHERTY

READING TIME • 3 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

PART TWO—CONCLUSION

☆ IN the year 1940 of our Christian civilization, a woman who kept a bootleg baby farm in the City of New York was arraigned in Felony Court on serious charges.

Of the five babies entrusted to her care, one had suffered a fractured hip, a second a broken pelvis, the third a broken arm, and one had been smothered to death.

All the children had been doped, the police said, and several had been kept in filing cabinets because there were not enough cribs for all.

Investigators for the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children found out that the boarding home had been licensed by the New York Board of Health to board two children for one year. The license had been revoked because more than two children were taken in. The license had been revoked; but it had meant nothing.

The Health Department is supposed, by law, to inspect once a month the 500 baby farms it has licensed; and once a year to visit each of the 6,000 other farms operated under the supervision of charity organizations.

But there are only a dozen doctors and nurses available for inspection work.

Health Commissioner John L. Rice showed no hesitancy in admitting this.

"We can't possibly keep a close check on all these farms," he said, "being handicapped by a lack of personnel. I am glad, therefore, that Liberty is making this thing public. Those who read your stories and who know of illegal foster homes may write us."

We repeat that the great majority of baby farms are operated by decent and kindly people, and that in them children of working mothers, or unwed women, receive excellent care.

The Catholic charities control approximately 3,200 farms in the New York area, and each farm is visited at least once a week. Protestant and Jewish charities also operate farms.

The case involving the filing-cabinet children is rare, because of the injuries they suffered. But many women have been deprived of their licenses to board babies because of failure to comply fully with the laws.

According to officials of the Children's Aid Society, 65 per cent of the babies in farms are illegitimate.

"That's why there are so many, many farms," said Dr. James F. Coyle, head of the foster home department of the Health Department. "If we could, we'd eliminate them all. But that's impossible. They do serve a purpose. If we could get the state, or a combination of charities, to take care of the children of the poor at cost, our problem would be solved. But even then, perhaps, some mothers would avoid such an organization—because of the secrecy they demand."

Under the law, no one is allowed to operate a foster home without a permit. And, under an agreement entered into by the Health Department and the newspapers, no person may advertise a foster home unless he first shows this permit to the ad taker.

Yet there is a loophole. If one inserts the words "Parents accommodated" in an ad, no permit is necessary.

Sometimes a mother tires of the slavery entailed in keeping her child. A few desert their babies. Others give their children for adoption.

Officials of the Child Welfare League of America say that only 10 per cent of the adoptions are safeguarded by right methods of placement. That means that 90 per cent are "bootlegged" by unethical doctors and midwives and lawyers for whatever profit they can make, or are placed by well meaning but stupid friends.

"Traffic in babies is on the increase," says Ernest Cole of the Child Welfare League, "and there isn't much to do about it except to warn mothers and fathers to consult the Children's Bureaus, or the city or state Departments of Public Welfare in their communities, before they enter into any negotiations for adoption."

The well meaning amateurs in this vital business of adoption are concerned, usually, only with the woman who cannot support her child.

The baby bootleggers are concerned only with themselves—how they can make money and cover up.

The agencies are concerned with the welfare of all, especially of the child.

Strange, isn't it, that they should be consulted in only 10 per cent of America's 16,000 yearly adoptions?

THE END

Eye-opening facts anent the ageless problem of girls in trouble and what an awakened America is doing about it

BREATH OF LIFE

Continued from Page 23

upset. If for a moment Ron had thought that Lydia's leaving her father's house would upset him, of course he would yield to any argument she might offer. I bet he didn't say a word to her about Tatum, thought Allen. If he did, I don't know him as well as I think.

He closed his eyes and lay back against the upholstery of the big smoothly running car. So that's how it was. Don't be too easy with her, Ron—it will be fatal. But I can't tell him. I can't even warn him. Not now. He'll have to find out for himself. Heaven help them both!

☆ THE wedding was in June, on a clear bright day, and very simple. "I'd rather," said Lydia, "and it's easier on father." Privately she dreaded the fatigue and preparations of a large wedding, the complications of bridesmaids and parties and goings-on. She concentrated on her trousseau, on changes in the rooms which she and Ron would occupy.

They were married in the apartment, in the big living room. No bridesmaids, no ushers. Not many people.

Mamie and Mat had come down. Ron put them up at a Madison Avenue hotel, and they stayed only two days. Lydia was delighted with them; they were entranced by her. "Although," said Mat thoughtfully to Mamie, "I dunno why, but I'm afraid of her."

"Nonsense," said Mamie. "She's sweet—she'll make him a wonderful wife. . . . Jenny says so, and Jenny knows her pretty well."

"Still," said Mat, "I ain't sure."

Somehow, Lydia had arranged it so that Mat and Mamie were in Jenny's hands during the ceremony and reception, and in Aunt Sammy's afterward. Aunt Sammy could be counted upon, as could her father. When one of Lydia's dearest friends, a girl she greatly disliked, said to her, congratulating her on her appearance—and a prettier bride never stood against a bank of flowers and received felicitations—"Are those the in-laws, my sweet?" Lydia grinned and said cheerfully, "Yes; quaint, aren't they?"

"And how do they like the big city?"

"They love it," said Lydia, "and me."

Her friend regarded Ron. She said gently, "For his sake I'd suffer his relatives gladly, especially if they lived a good way off. Lydia, when the honeymoon is over, I warn you I might be interested in husband snatching."

"Which won't," said Lydia, "worry me at all—seeing it's you, darling."

The honeymoon was spent at White Sulphur. White Sulphur was a little steep, Ron thought, when they talked things over. Not as steep as Honolulu. Lydia had held out for Honolulu, but he had assured her that he couldn't possibly spare the time. "Ten days," he said, "at the most."

"Ten days for our honeymoon!"

"We'll have all of our lives," he reminded her.

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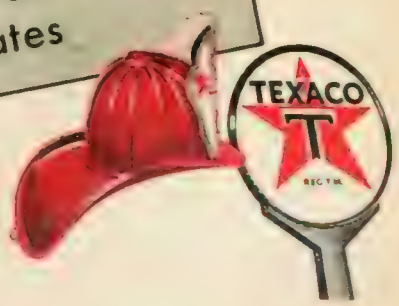

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So, in the end, White Sulphur—and a corner suite, very lovely, very luxurious. .Lydia had reserved it.

Looking around after the bellboys had deposited their bags and gone, Ron whistled. He said, "Lydia, we'll land in jail . . ."

"Silly!" she said. "What about our wedding present from dad?"

It had been a check, very substantial. Ron said, "I thought we decided to put that in the savings bank."

"You're married," said Lydia, "for the first time, only once."

She was small, she was endearing, she smelled like spring and she looked like spring. . . .

Ten days in White Sulphur, and then home again. Ten strange, bewildered days. She had said, "I'm—stupid, Ron. I've not even amused myself. I don't like skating on thin ice. So I'm a little frightened. But not of you—never of you."

Patience, gentleness, forbearance, sacrifice. He was a physician. He had talked to hundreds of women who had been frightened or brutalized or were physically incapable of happy response. He did not believe the latter of Lydia. Time, he thought, patience, and loving each other so much—

A week before their wedding she had told him, "I don't want to have children, Ron—I mean, not at first."

He'd laughed a little. "Sounds odd," he said, "in the plural."

"I'm serious." She had her arms about him. "I want to be with you, just us. There's plenty of time."

He had said gently that he understood, but that no marriage was complete without children. "We have so much to give a child," he said. "We are young, we love each other—"

"I know," she had told him desperately. "But not—not soon. Please . . . promise me, Ron, promise."

She had been a little hysterical. Well, time would alter that. And there *was* no hurry. It would be better for her to adjust herself to marriage, to look forward to a continuance of their honeymoon for a time.

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The American Way of Life

He promised, smoothing her hair back from her forehead, looking into her distended eyes.

"I'm such a coward," she told him.

"I'll never believe that."

Returning to New York, getting back into his work again, watching the ease with which Lydia settled down to her usual life, of friends, amusements, parties—an ease which he could not acquire, a life which he could not wholly share—he thought, It would have been better if I hadn't said we'd do this, if I had insisted on the apartment. This way, there's hardly a break between her old life and the one she leads with me.

But time was his ally; time was the great factor. He would be patient, he knew. He could wait for his wife, for the woman who would be truly and happily his wife, and who would supplant, gradually, this reluctant bride. He could wait for her and for the woman who would become, with pride and a deep sense of fulfillment, the mother of his children.

☆ HE was thinking this when one evening, returning to the apartment, he found that his wife was out. He went into his bedroom to shower and change before dinner. Dressing, he sat down on the edge of the bed to tie a shoelace. He was whistling, softly, a little off key. Where was Lydia? He missed her, he hated to return to a house empty of her.

There was a new medical book on his bedside table, and he picked it up

You rate high, mister, in her book
If you've a smooth and well-groomed look!
With thrifty Thin Gillettes it's easy
To get shaves that are clean and breezy!

Save Extra Money! Get The Big New Economy Package, 12 For 27c

and, leaning back against the pillows, half dressed, began to read. But it was hard to concentrate. Another book lay there also. Mamie had given it to him while he was in college—a copy of Shakespeare's Sonnets. He had little time for outside reading, but this book had gone with him all through his medical training—this, and a tattered copy of The Brushwood Boy, and one or two others.

He put aside the medical book and picked up the other. It opened instantly to a familiar page, to the sonnet he liked best and best understood:

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O, no! it is an ever-fixèd mark
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

☆ HE read it slowly, with deep concentration and a fresher, fuller understanding. That was it, he thought. That was how he felt and as he believed. Shakespeare had written it centuries ago. True then, it was true now.

He heard the doorbell ring, and a moment later Lydia's light voice. He rose, putting the book away. She had come home again, his love—more than his love, his child, his future, his happiness. The air was bright with her, and his heart. She was worth waiting for, he thought, worth living for.

He called her, and at her answer all his doubts and vague unformed anxiety fell from him, and he went to meet her with open arms and an unclouded heart.

Will Lydia adjust herself to marriage? Or will she continue to insist that Ron live her *way? Can he long remain blind to her hardness, her selfishness? Follow this vivid human novel of tangled emotions and bewildered hearts in Liberty next week.*

PUZZLE POEM

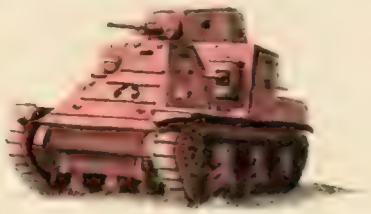
by Clare W. Harris

Each of the four missing words below is spelled with the same four letters. Can you supply the four words?

The ---- had ---- the beds and turned
To other duties of the day.
Her ---- cheese must now be churned
And ---- be brewed for evening play.

(The solution is on page 60)

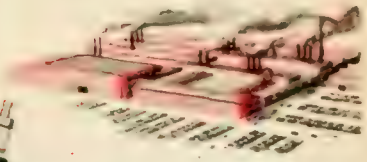
In bomber, trainer, airliner or light plane, Champion Spark Plugs are rapidly establishing a record for outstanding dependability, as they have in the automotive world. Revolutionary new ceramic types are important contributions to dependable performance in high output aircraft engines.



In tanks, maximum power and utmost dependability are paramount. Champion Spark Plugs are a major factor in supplying the "horses" for these mobile forts.

The Reconnaissance car or "Jeep" is a versatile adjunct to our armed forces. Its ability to negotiate rough terrain depends greatly on dependable ignition. Champions equip the majority.

"PT" boats of the "Mosquito Fleet" represent one of the swiftest and most versatile offensive and defensive arms of the Navy. Champion-equipped engines give speeds up to 60 miles per hour.



American industry is manned by men who depend more than ever before on reliable transportation to and from work. Champion Spark Plugs are the first choice of the majority for dependable service and maximum gas mileage so imperative to our national economy.

"Food will win the war", and intensified power farming is the answer to this need. For years Champion Spark Plugs have been first choice on the farm because of their proven dependability and economy for all types of farm service.

The trucking industry of the nation has come into its own in the national defense program. Delivery of vital materials is speedily and dependably effected by the nation's leading fleets of trucks where—once again—Champions are the preferred spark plugs.

So little-but oh
So Vital!

Champion
SPARK PLUGS

WILL LINDBERGH RUN FOR SENATOR IN MINNESOTA?—Continued from Page 11

tionism. Ball has already made two stumping tours to try for another term and to explain why he supports President Roosevelt's foreign policy though he is a Republican.

It is the Stassen-Ball-Willkie crowd that Lindbergh would have to whip in the primaries. Governor Stassen, who squeaked through for a second term and is said to be seeking a third as springboard for a Presidential nomination in 1944, would strenuously support Ball against Lindbergh, in the opinion of Minnesota political dopesters. More support might come from Roosevelt leaders, who detest Lindbergh, for any Minnesotan can vote in any party primary.

It would remain, however, the Old Guard Republican endorsement—with, some say, the directing genius of Herbert Hoover in the background—that might launch Lindbergh in Minnesota politics. The state Democratic machine is pretty well smashed at the moment and chances of winning a Democratic nomination are, for Lindbergh, remote indeed. He might conceivably win a Farmer-Laborite nomination. The Farmer-Labor Party is in a decline and rather badly split. Hjalmar Petersen, defeated by Stassen last fall in the gubernatorial race, leads the conservative wing of the Farmer-Laborite Party; he might conceivably throw his strength behind Lindbergh. So, too, might Minnesota's senior Senator Henrik Shipstead, long a Farmer-Laborite, who last fall won back his seat as a Republican while Roosevelt was carrying Minnesota.

"Isn't it bad enough to just have them, without making everything so cozy?"

Handsome Henrik Shipstead has stayed away from other people's fights, but he is a close friend of Lindbergh and a fellow isolationist.

Anything can and does happen in politics, and young vote-getting Harold E. Stassen might himself run for Joseph Ball's Senate seat, offering Lindbergh sturdy opposition.

Should Lindbergh whip the Stassen-Ball-Willkie wing of the Republican Party, he still might not have clear sailing. Though Minnesota's state Democratic machine has been in a sorry state, Democratic Chairman Edward Flynn has been craftily at work to bring to fruition a dream long cherished by F. D. R.—a union of the liberal elements, the Democrats and the once powerful Farmer-Labor Party, into a progressive coalition. Flynn has enlisted Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt in the cause and has created a joint Democratic-Farmer-Laborite steering committee to handle federal patronage in the state.

Lindbergh's entry into politics would not be an unnatural turn of events. He comes from a long line of dissenters. His paternal grandfather, a farmer, campaigned against the whipping post in Sweden. His father campaigned vigorously against the "money trust" and against United States entry into the first World War.

In 1917 the elder Lindbergh, arguing that war was the natural enemy of democracy, prophesied: "Dictators will spring up, perhaps even here." In time of war democracy suffered both politically and industrially, Congressman Lindbergh declared, and the Lindbergh of today often echoes those 1917 sentiments of his father, saying: "If we enter fighting for democracy abroad we may end by losing it at home."

Antiwar sentiments wrote finis to Congressman Lindbergh's political career; may launch his son's. With the possible exception of his appearance at Cleveland, Ohio, the son has spoken to overflow crowds at every indoor rally staged for him by America First. In most of the cities where he has spoken, local membership has doubled. Other America First orators, notably Senator Burton K. Wheeler, have packed them in and doubled membership, but Lindbergh invariably proves the greatest drawing power. Attendance figures to date are the best means of sampling his popularity and potential political strength.

The membership of America First remains a mystery, lost in a maze of chapters and subchapters whose workers, often volunteer and inexperienced, have not reported back to national headquarters in Chicago. In Chicago no one will hazard a guess. In New York headquarters an unofficial guess placed membership at "not more than five million." On one point there is agreement: America First is growing.

So is the political stature of Charles A. Lindbergh.

So, too, may be the isolationist movement in America. Wisconsin voters recently elected an isolationist opponent of President Roosevelt's foreign policy to the House of Representatives.

Lindbergh—already leader of isolationist forces in America—may find himself ahead of a trend.

THE END

If you love Rich yet Mild cheddar flavor ask for

Besides wonderful cheese flavor, Velveeta supplies *fine* food value: milk protein and milk minerals, vitamins A and G. And it's digestible as milk itself! So serve Velveeta often . . . for sandwiches, snacks, in *hot dishes, too!*

VELVEETA-SHRIMP SANDWICH. To 1 cup medium cream sauce add ½ cup cooked shrimps. Pour sauce between two slices of buttered toast, top with a generous Velveeta slice. Place under low broiler heat until Velveeta is melted. Garnish with shrimps.

Copr. 1941 by Kraft Cheese Company

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

TO THE *Ladies*

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER AND FASHION AUTHORITY

☆ AGAIN we're in the madhouse midst of our September-October moving season, an upheaval about which we victims aren't often technically wise. Few of us take advantage of the colored-tag system—blue tags tied on everything from the living room, red tags for bedroom things, yellow tags for the kitchen, etc.

In the shuffle of moving, the three things that go adrift most often are those needed first in the new home—electric-light bulbs, coffeepot, can opener. And we leave broom and brushes behind. . . . We don't appreciate the fact that star football players and ambitious young prizefighters work the moving vans every autumn to get in condition. A handsome youth in a moist undershirt, with your upholstered love seat on his back, may be a champ athlete incognito! . . .

I just learned all this from Louis Schramm, Jr., twenty years in the moving and warehouse business, a representative of his trade's national organization. . . . "There is a strong belief," says Mr. Schramm, "in moving-day jinxes. Some folks refuse to move on Friday, some on Saturday, while others will cancel the move if a drop of rain falls. They think it's unlucky. . . ." For moving-day luck, advises Mr. Schramm, keep your breakables out of bureau drawers; pack them in barrels with shredded newspapers. Load your carpets last on the van. . . . When the Schramm family moved, what do you think *they* couldn't find in their new place?

Yes—light bulbs, can opener, coffeepot.

☆ MR. SCHRAMM told me real-life stories to show how many quirks of human nature can be contained in a storage warehouse. A divorcing couple ordered two vans to remove their divided belongings. But as they watched the movers cart their things away they were overcome by remorse; called back the vans; kissed and made up. . . . A wealthy widow had all the luxurious furnishings from her mansion moved into storage by black of night. Left 'em there twenty years, until she died. Her will commanded everything to be sold except three articles—a shawl, a mirror, and a fan—bequeathed to her only son. . . . One eccentric lady keeps eight sets of rarest china in storage; has one set unpacked for use every two weeks, then returned, repacked, and another set opened. . . . There are dog lovers who won't put their pets anywhere but in warehouses when they travel, because of their confidence in storage men. . . . Two slick gents brought a bed to Mr. Schramm's

Richard Arlen, Eva Gabor and Nils Asther, appearing in "Forced Landing," a Paramount Picture.
PEPSI-COLA
SPARKLING SATISFYING
PEPSI-COLA
MADE ONLY BY PEPSI-COLA COMPANY LONG ISLAND CITY, N.Y.
BOTTLED LOCALLY BY

THREE STARS ENJOY A ★ ★ ★ ★ DRINK

BIGGER DRINK

BETTER TASTE

From Hollywood to Broadway, Pepsi-Cola's finer flavor rates first with millions. Good and plenty—you just can't beat Pepsi-Cola's better taste . . . its 12 full ounces for a nickel. That's why Pepsi-Cola quenches any thirst—large or small—in a hurry. Give yourself a break. Enjoy a cold Pepsi-Cola today.

5¢ 12 FL. OZ. BOTTLE

Pepsi-Cola is made only by Pepsi-Cola Company, Long Island City, N. Y., and is bottled locally by Authorized Bottlers from coast to coast.

"Guess whom I ran into, dear. Remember 'Firebug' Jones?"

popping. The moving business is *full* of surprises.

☆ MARGARET OWEN, fashionable authority on household fabrics and wallpapers, wholesaler to the interior-decoration craft, tells me the woe in all decorators' lives is the urge so many of us women have—75 per cent of us—to do our rooms in blue and pink. But there's a weird twist to this blue-and-pink passion. Color-scheming rooms for themselves, most decorators end up with pink and blue!

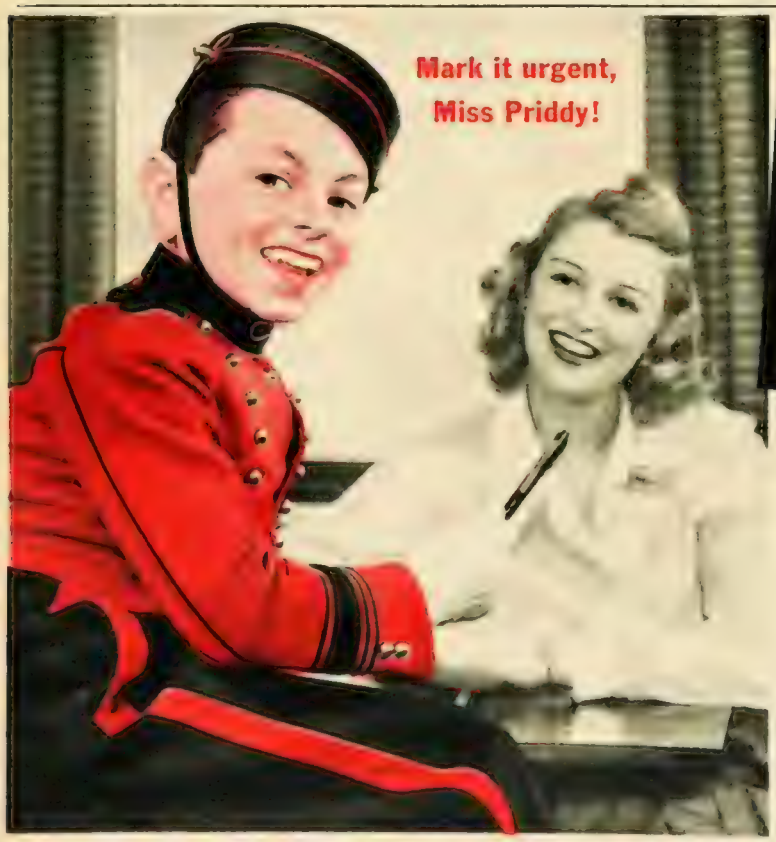
☆ MEET the smörgwich—newest of cosmopolitan delicacies, produced by marrying Sweden's famous smörgåsbord to our American open-faced sandwich. Ideal for a buffet lunch or supper party, either with cocktails, beer, or coffee. Use dark firm pumpernickel bread unless your gang insists upon white. Cut bread in 3-inch squares. To permit tidy handling, leave a half-inch margin unspread around the edges. Here are seven good smörgwiches: . . . (1) Liverwurst mashed with a little cream, topped by a spoonful chopped cucumber salad well drained and slightly sweetened. . . . (2) Minced raw beef sprinkled with chopped pickled beet and raw onion. . . . (3) Cottage cheese rubbed smooth with chives and mixed with radish slices. . . . (4) Sliced hard-boiled egg with anchovy fillet and chopped pickled onion. . . . (5) Shrimp salad and diced potato in mayonnaise. . . . (6) Raw ham with a dab of tomato paste and chopped olives. . . . (7) Coarsely grated cheese with minced dill pickle. . . . All ingredients to be sliced thin or minced fine, decorated simply though appetizingly. But make *plenty!*

warehouse. After them came a couple of cops, who ripped the mattress and took out twelve thousand stolen dollars.

Mr. Schramm stood by, his eyes

☆ OF interest to girls on the lookout for a business to go into: Edith Flack Ackley's new book, A Doll Shop of Your Own. (Published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company. $2.)

☆ A CHICAGO college professor has raised an issue that may well terrify the average parent. He says we retard our children's schooling in the sciences by not being able to answer science questions they ask us at home. Let's face the charge. Suppose a kid of yours asked, "Mama, what are manometric flames?" or "Papa, what's a methyl methacrylate resin plastic?" . . . Would you snap back, "Flames used to analyze sound waves. The plastic known as lucite"? . . . Or would you cringe and yelp, "Why don't they teach you that stuff at school?" . . . *I'd* cringe and yelp.



YOU CAN'T HELP INHALING—BUT YOU CAN HELP YOUR THROAT!

THAT'S right . . . *all* smokers sometimes inhale . . . knowingly or unknowingly. And inhaling *increases* the *chance of irritation* to sensitive nose and throat passages. But—see what eminent doctors found . . . on comparing the leading cigarettes! They report that:

THE SMOKE OF THE FOUR OTHER LEADING BRANDS AVERAGED MORE THAN THREE TIMES AS IRRITANT AS THE AMAZINGLY DIFFERENT PHILIP MORRIS — AN IRRITANT EFFECT WHICH LASTED MORE THAN FIVE TIMES AS LONG!

You can't avoid some inhaling—but you *can* avoid worry about your nose and throat . . . you *can* have true smoking pleasure without penalties—*if you smoke* Philip Morris!

CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

AMERICA'S FINEST CIGARETTE

Correct English Quiz

HOW MANY OF THESE 40 QUESTIONS CAN YOU ANSWER?

BY DR. CHARLES EARLE FUNK

Noted Lexicographer; Editor of the New Standard Dictionary

Grade yourself as follows:

35 correct .....Excellent
30 correct .....Good
25 correct .....Fair
20 correct .....Passing
Under 20 .....Failing

1—What is the pronunciation of (*a*) acclimate, (*b*) pianist, (*c*) abdomen, (*d*) Quisling?

2—Should you say, "Cecily Jones and her adopted parents, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, live at 26 Hunt Street"?

3—"Bombs from German planes made a shambles of St. Paul's Cathedral, but fortunately no one was injured." Is anything wrong in that statement?

4—"I have no objection to any one liking swing music." Have you any objection to the construction of that sentence?

5—Which is correct, "This book is some one's else," or "This book is some one else's"?

6—Should you use "effect" or "affect" in the blanks in these sentences: (*a*) "The public wonders if increased taxation will seriously —— the cost of living"; (*b*) "Congress wonders how to —— an increase in taxation and not disturb public buying"?

7—"Alfonso XIII was the son of Alfonso XII, who died five months before he was born, at the age of twenty-eight." How would you correctly say what the historian thought he was saying?

8—"And there they were, laying in the snow." The speaker referred to his two sons who had received sleds at Christmas. Did he describe their actions correctly?

9—"John is taller than me, but I weigh more than him." Is the sentence correctly worded? If not, how should it be changed?

10—Strike out the pronouns you would not use in this sentence: "I can't imagine (whom, who) you supposed (she, her) to be."

11—A high-school valedictorian said, "We must follow the President's decision, *irregardless* of our personal opinions." Do you agree with this boy's statement?

12—"We have nurtured a Frankenstein in our midst who now seeks to destroy us." Did the writer express himself correctly?

13—"I think your last picture was superb," said a gushing admirer to a rising young artist. What mistake did she make in those seven words?

14—The chairman of a literary club closed her announcement of an approaching luncheon with this request: "Members who plan to attend but who have not yet contacted Mrs. S., are asked to do so at the close of this meeting." As chairman, how would you have worded the request?

15—TEACHER: What is velocity? BILL: It's what a person puts a hot plate down with.

Has Bill given the right answer?

16—These words are frequently mispronounced by radio speakers: program, luxury, absurd, premier. How should they be spoken?

17—In the following sentence should "providing" or "provided" be used: "We shall go camping over the week-end —— the children remain well"?

18—A radio speaker said, "They [the Red Cross] have done a great deal for the people down there, as well as for we people up here." Is that "good English"?

19—"The Queen, eager to put the interviewers at ease, greeted them with a *complacent* smile." Is "complacent" the word that the reporter should have used?

20—"Don, go and fetch the paper from the mailbox, bring it upstairs to your grandma, and then take her lunch dishes out here to me in the kitchen." What should this mother have said to teach her boy the proper use of "fetch," "bring," and "take"?

21—"Some one told me that it is incorrect to say 'a Stuka dive bomber,' but could not explain why. Can you tell me why it is wrong?" Can you?

22—"Jim claims that spinach is unfit for human food." Is "claims" the verb that should be used in this sentence?

23—In a recent quiz program a contestant, under a hypothetical condition, was required to "Alibi yourself out of why you lost the tank." With due regard to the meaning of words, how should the order have been given?

24—"He would just as (lief, leave) go by train as by auto." Select the word that should be used here.

25—Insert "apt," "liable," or "likely" most appropriately in the following sentences: (*a*) "Since Charles is usually delayed at his office, he is —— to be late for dinner tonight." (*b*) "In his haste to get here, he is —— to be arrested for speeding." (*c*) "With his hot temper, if he is arrested he is —— to talk back to the traffic officer."

26—Throughout the United States how should the words secretary, dictionary, cemetery, and voluntary always be pronounced?

27—"The first hostilities in the war transpired on September 1, 1939." Do you see anything wrong in the reporter's statement?

28—With the intention of saying that you are in pain, or not in normal health, strike out the word that you would not use in this sentence: "I feel (bad, badly) this morning."

29—"We spent the balance of the afternoon at Polly's." What is wrong with that statement?

30—"The reason why I didn't accompany you to Vermont was because of a literary job I hoped to get." Why would the speaker not get the position he sought?

31—"He told the truth, in so far as he knew the truth." Does this sentence follow the rules of good usage?

32—"'Reverend,' said the chairman, addressing Reverend Wood, 'will you ask grace?'" Both the chairman and the reporter were wrong. Why?

33—What is the plural of tablespoonful?

34—Should you say "preventative measures," or "preventive measures"?

35—The "boss" who dictated a reply to a business letter said, "Reference is had to your letter of the 16th." If you were the stenographer, how would you prefer to write this opening sentence?

36—You are writing out a recipe for a friend. Which of the words here indicated should you use: "At this point 1½ (cup, cups) of sugar (is, are) to be added"?

37—Select the correct pronoun in this sentence: "The remainder shall be paid to the borrower or to (whomsoever, whosoever) shall lawfully be entitled to it."

38—"The quantities x and y cannot be determined, and the problem is therefore (insoluble, insolvable)." Which is the right word?

39—"The data is incomplete; much of it has been deleted." If you see anything wrong in this sentence, what would your correction be?

40—Here are the names of four cities in the United States—Boise, Lima, Tucson, Spokane. How should they be pronounced?

(*Answers will be found on page 59*)

EMBLEMS OF EXCELLENCE

NATIONAL INVITATION CHAMPIONSHIP CUP. At the close of the season each year, ten of the leading New York colleges sponsor a National Invitation College Basketball Tournament in which the two top New York teams compete against six outstanding teams invited from all sections of the country. A replica of the perpetual trophy shown at the right is awarded to the winning team. You can be mighty sure the college that wins the cup in this tournament of champions has a five-star team—they have to be better than good!

ETHYL EMBLEM. There is an award for excellence in gasolines too. It is the Ethyl emblem. Gasoline in a pump which bears this emblem has to be better than good. It must be "tops" in anti-knock (octane number) and all-round quality. "Ethyl" means a quicker-starting engine in cold weather; extra power throughout the year. When you stop to buy gasoline, the Ethyl emblem tells you which pump contains the best.

ETHYL
ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION

THE BETTER THE GAS, THE BETTER YOUR CAR

ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION, NEW YORK CITY

TOMORROW WE MARCH

Continued from Page 30

Then the battery of guns swung around in the turret to blast away at the other side of the plane. This time they rattled for a longer interval. There were several bursts. The gunner seemed to be picking off groups.

When the bomber's firing stopped the German attack had ended. There was silence on the farm. . . .

Behind the crates, Philip stiffly rose. He felt dazed. He still held the Luger. His numb left arm seemed something which didn't belong to him—something attached to his shoulder but not part of it.

He looked around at the bodies of Czechs who had been shot. Other men, he saw—those who could still walk and see and feel the agony of all this—were moving about like automatons. They went from one motionless figure to another, bent over them, whispered their names. They were bending over friends, Philip realized. That was why they looked so ghastly, so stunned.

He himself went to the body of Anton Kanes. He stood over it—and, strangely, it wasn't the dead Kanes he saw. It was a quiet, inoffensive baker who sat reading a newspaper in the back of his shop; who pushed his spectacles to his forehead when he came forward to greet a customer; who spent hours every day with a cat to keep him company. And now Kanes was dead, part of his forehead ripped away, because he had insisted that he was entitled to a better life than one of enslavement to Nazism.

Philip knew a choking sense of grief. Yet it was more than grief, too. It was bitterness and resentment. He turned his head—and there lay Karel Cypek, the owner of the farm. There was a bullet hole in his throat, and there were two more in his chest.

☆ A SHIVER went through Philip as he moved away.

But he didn't go far. He realized that Squadron Leader Baldrick had seized his right arm. Baldrick was shaking him back to his senses. Apparently the English officer had been talking for some time.

"You've got to clear out with that stuff," he said, waving to the crates, "before those Boches bring more troops. Can you manage with the men you have left?"

"We'll manage," Philip said. His voice was thick, unfamiliar.

"We'll stand by with the plane till you're in the woods," offered Baldrick. "Our guns will cover you."

Philip nodded.

"Too bad those blighters got into you, old man," muttered Baldrick. "That arm—"

"Just a scratch." Philip turned to the brown-shirted Czechs. They looked dazed, all of them. Juraj Moktor, wide-eyed, stood holding a handkerchief to his cheek, and his brother Pavel seemed to be trying to shake him out of a stupor.

Philip called for attention. He still

spoke huskily, in Slovakian. "We've got to get the boxes to the wagon." He looked at the dead about him and added bitterly, "They'll have died for nothing if we fail." . . .

It went mechanically after that. Two men were so badly wounded that they had to be helped away, but the rest could work. Those who could took two crates at a time, one on each shoulder. A few had to be left behind, of course, but that couldn't be helped; these were carried back to the plane by its crew. Pavel Moktor led what looked like a procession of African porters off on a safari.

Behind them the Dornier's motors started.

Philip, with a box on his right shoulder, glanced back. Against the red flare of the signal fires he could see scattered German bodies. He drew a deep breath, turned his head, and the line of men walked into the blackness of the forest.

A few moments later he could hear the bomber roar across the field; and presently he heard its drone as it passed over the woods on its dash back to England.

Nobody spoke. The talk would have been of death, and nobody wanted to speak of that now. They trudged on in silence.

Philip looked down at his dangling left arm. He didn't feel pain now; there was only that sense of numbness. And the blood was no longer flowing. After the boxes were hidden, he'd have to get back to the hotel somehow and put a dressing on the wound.

At the thought he had an impulse to utter a harsh laugh. Get back to the hotel? With an arm that would make every brownshirt in the streets stop him with questions? . . . And suppose he did manage to get back. What then? He couldn't keep a useless arm secret from the troupe. How was he going to explain it? . . .

"*Tu je*," said Pavel Moktor. "Here it is."

The wagon stood in a small clearance from which a trail wound away into darkness. The horses were tied to trees. Pavel slid his crate into the wagon, then stepped back for the others to pass. When he looked at Philip's left arm, he shook his head.

"Let me bind that up," he said. "We have the gauze Juraj brought for the wind stocking." And while he bandaged the wound he added grimly, "You'd better come home with us. You can't take this arm to your hotel."

But neither could he abandon Mignon, Philip thought. And he couldn't tear himself away from the only security he had in Prague—association with the theatrical troupe.

"No," he said; "I'm going back."

"If they find out how you got this," Pavel warned, "you'll be in front of a firing squad by morning!"

Will the Nazi net close in on Philip? Can Lisa, even if she wants to, protect him now? Next week's chapter is taut with suspense, drama, packed with new hazards and thrilling adventures!

---

40 ANSWERS

by DR. CHARLES EARLE FUNK

to his questions on page 57

1—(*a*) Accent the second syllable—as if spelled a-cly'mit. (*b*) and (*c*) In the United States, accent the second syllable—pi-an'ist, ab-do'men. (*d*) In Norway, kviss'ling; here and in England, kwiss'ling (rhymes with "whistling").

2—No. It is not the parents but the child who is adopted. Say "her adoptive parents."

3—If no one was injured, no matter how great the destruction, it could not be termed a "shambles." This word denotes bloody slaughter, massacre.

4—If you will substitute a personal pronoun for "any one," you will see that the possessive must be used—"no objection to his liking" (not "to him liking"); "no objection to my liking" (not "to me liking"). Hence, it should read, "no objection to any one's liking swing music."

5—The first is correct. But if the statement were reversed the statement would be correctly worded, "This is some one else's book."

6—(*a*) "Affect." (*b*) "Effect." "Affect" means to influence, to act upon, to concern; "effect" means to bring about, to accomplish.

7—"Alfonso XIII was the son of Alfonso XII, who died at the age of twenty-eight, five months before his heir was born."

8—No; he should have said, "lying in the snow." Hens might be laying in the snow, but not boys.

9—"John is taller than I, but I weigh more than he." Than is a conjunction, not a preposition. The full sentence, seldom used, would be, "John is taller than I am, but I weigh more than he does."

10—"I can't imagine whom you supposed her to be." Some ultra-modern grammarians say that because "who" and "whom" are so frequently confused, "whom" should be dropped entirely; but perhaps the fault lies in the teaching. One would not say, "You supposed her to be I," but "to be me"; and here, although the construction is inverted, we have the same principle. The whole clause is the object of "can imagine."

11—There is no such word as "irregardless." Say either "irrespective of" or "regardless of." If there were such a word as "irregardless," it would imply "not without regard to," and in this sentence would completely nullify the preceding "must."

12—No. Frankenstein, in the fictional story, was a medical student who created a manlike monster which eventually killed its maker. The writer should have said, "We have nurtured a Frankenstein monster in our midst." The mistake is of frequent occurrence.

13—She should have said, "your latest picture." Not until an artist, an author, or prizefighter has died or quit his profession can we speak of his "last" picture, book, or fight.

14—The use of "contact" as a verb has no literary standing as yet, and is certainly out of place in a literary club. The chairman should have said, "made contact with," or preferably, "have not yet notified."

15—One uses "velocity" only in connection with the motion of inanimate things, as of airplanes, bullets, wind. Bill was wrong in relating it to the speed of motion of a person; he confused it with "celerity," "haste," or "rapidity."

16—Pro'gram: the second syllable is "gram" not "grum." Pronounce luxury as if it were spelled luk'shu-ry, not lug'zhu-ry. Say ab-surd', not ab-zurd'. Say either pre'mi-er (three syllables, to rhyme with ("creamier"), or prem'yer; but don't say pruh-meer'.

17—"Provided," which means "on the condition that," is always the word to use in such sentences as this. "Providing" has been mistakenly used so often that some dictionaries say that when it is used in these constructions it is to be taken as meaning "provided."

18—He should have said, "as well as for us people up here." "We" is a nominative, and should never be used after a preposition.

19—"Complacent" means "self-satisfied." It is probable that the reporter intended to use "complaisant," which means "courteous, agreeable, polite."

20—"Don, fetch the paper from the mailbox, take it upstairs to your grandma, and then bring her lunch dishes out here to me in the kitchen." "Fetch" means "go and carry to or toward the speaker"; it is repetition to say "go and fetch." "Take" means "to carry away," and "bring" means "to carry to the speaker"; "take" and "bring" are often used in the reverse senses.

21—The German contraction, "Stuka," means "a dive bomber." It is repetitious, therefore, to say "a Stuka dive bomber." The full German compound word is *Sturzkampfflugzeug*, literally a dive-battle-flight-machine.

22—No, it should be "asserts," "maintains," "states," or "contends." In the United States we have become very lax in the use of "claim," which should be used chiefly in the sense "to demand on the grounds of right," as "I claim the ten dollars that he found."

23—"Alibi" is not a verb and does not mean "excuse." It is a legal term and means "a plea of being elsewhere at the time when a crime was committed." The speaker should have said something such as, "Give some plausible reasons for losing the tank."

24—"Lief" is the correct word. It means "willingly," a meaning that "leave" does not have.

25—"Apt" indicates natural tendency; "liable" indicates probability of something unfavorable; "likely" indicates reasonable expectation. Hence, (*a*) "Since Charles is usually delayed at his office, he is likely to be late for dinner tonight." (*b*) "In his haste to get here, he is liable to be arrested for speeding." (*c*) "With his hot temper, if he is arrested he is apt to talk back to the traffic officer."

26—The last two syllables in these and all other words ending in -ary or -ery should always be sounded as a perfect rhyme with "Mary." The British vogue of dropping the -a- or -e- should be avoided.

27—The whole world knew it immediately; so to use "transpire," which means "to come

FIRST IN REPUTATION · FIRST IN POPULARITY · FIRST IN QUALITY*

OLD GRAND-DAD

Head of the Bourbon Family

OUR TASTE WILL TELL YOU WHY

*AMONG BOTTLED IN BOND KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKIES

100 PROOF

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gradually into public notice," is incorrect. He should have said "occurred" or "happened."

28—"I feel bad" is correct. To use the adverb "badly," which can only relate to the verb "feel," would signify that the sense of touch was impaired. The adjective "bad" relates to the speaker, "I."

29—"Balance" is a bookkeeping term; it should not be used as a substitute for "remainder" or "rest."

30—The speaker, unless he spoke in fun, would not get past the office boy. The word "reason" includes both the "why" and the "because." He might have said, "The reason I didn't accompany you to Vermont was that I hoped to get a literary job," or, "I didn't accompany you to Vermont because of a literary job that I hoped to get." ("Job" may be used in ordinary speech in place of "position" or "employment.")

31—Redundancy is never "good usage," and the use of "in" preceding "so far as" is always redundant. The preferred construction is, "He told the truth, so far as he knew the truth."

32—The title "Reverend," like the title "Honorable," should never be used unless preceded by the definite article, "the," and followed by the first name and surname (or "Mr." and surname) of the person to whom it is applied. But in speaking to the person to whom the title may be applied, one should say, "Mr. ——." Hence, the statement should have been, " 'Mr. Wood,' said the chairman, addressing the Reverend John Wood [or the Reverend Mr. Wood], 'will you ask grace?' "

33—Tablespoonfuls. One says, "Two tablespoonfuls of butter," when one implies that the tablespoon has been refilled. If one says, "Two tablespoons full," one implies that two tablespoons were used.

34—"Preventive" is the correct word. The term "preventative" is an erroneous form.

35—The letter might begin, "With reference to your letter of the 16th," and the answer start immediately after the comma. There is no meaning of the word "had" to justify the "boss's" use in his dictation.

36—"At this point 1½ cups of sugar are to be added." One and one half is a greater quantity than one and must therefore be considered as plural.

37—"Whosoever" is correct. The whole phrase, "whosoever shall lawfully be entitled to it," not merely the compound pronoun, is the object of the preposition "to." But it is best to avoid the construction and say, "to any person who shall lawfully be entitled to it."

38—Use "insolvable" (or "unsolvable"). "Insoluble" means "not capable of being dissolved, changed into a liquid," while "insolvable" (or "unsolvable") means "not capable of being solved, or explained."

39—"Data" is plural and its verb must also be plural, but "much" takes a singular verb. So the sentence needs to be reconstructed, as, "The data are incomplete; many of the items have been deleted."

40—Boise is pronounced in two syllables, a perfect rhyme with "noisy." Lima (in Ohio) rhymes with "dime a" in "a dime a dozen." In Tucson, forget the "c" and accent the second syllable too-sahn'. Spokane is a perfect rhyme with "no can" in "I have no can."

Solution to Puzzle Poem on Page 53

Dame, made, Edam, mead.

This Man's Army

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

This department of Liberty is for the men of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 122 East 42 St., New York.

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

☆ WHAT I have to say is the result of several months of reading the articles and letters of men in the various branches of the Service. Letters of whining complaints about small things of no real importance. We first noticed them when we were down in Cuba and the Puerto Rican area last winter. Such things as, "We have to walk three miles to see a movie." (You did have a movie, didn't you?) "There aren't enough hostesses to go around in the many canteens." (We didn't see a white girl for six months. Some of the boys are still down there.) "The chow is bad." (Try Thanksgiving dinner composed of half a can of salmon, an apple, and two slices of bread, on the barren mountainside of an uninhabited island in the Caribbean during a tropical rain.) "I'm too far from home to be there for the holidays." (You were at least in the States.)

We don't mean this to be a complaint; just a comparison. Those six-year-old fellows from England who stand up to the "mike" and say without a whimper, "Hello, daddy," to their folks thousands of miles away have gone through much more than we have.

Look around and see the things you have to be thankful for, instead of yapping about having to move into a tent that doesn't have running water and a plug for your radio. I shudder to think of the letters we'll have to read if we should happen to go to war and you could get ice cream and cake only once a week instead of twice!

Sgt. D. M. H., U. S. M. C., Parris Island, S. C.

Hey, Sarge, wait a minute! What about those letters I've printed which were *not* gripes? There have been more than a few of them. And I still feel that Napoleon had something when he said, "I'm worried about the morale of my soldiers. They're not grumbling enough."

About two weeks ago some 5,000 marines and sailors invaded our town. Most of them were to be seen loitering around street corners wondering what to do next. These are our own boys. Why can't we provide hospitality and a little fun for them all? I was able to take only five of the 5,000 out to our house for a good home-cooked meal, but how they appreciated it! I wish more people would go to a little trouble and do something for the fellows who are away from home.

Mrs. J. P. W., Miami, Fla.

Let me show you how much the men appreciate "a little trouble", by printing a letter which came in the same mail. Here it is and it serves as my comment:

This is the swellest yet! The town of Milton, Florida, where we are stopping tonight, is providing free showers and a gymnasium, a dance, and stationery over here at the Woman's Club. There are about 2,000 of us camping outside of the town, and a lot of townspeople have been going back and forth from the bivouac area with their cars, giving lifts to the boys. This town is really doing a swell job of hospitality toward the men. It makes you feel good.

Pvt. G. C. H., Camp Blanding, Fla. (en route to maneuvers).

The chevron is a device known as an "ordinary" in heraldry, and is to be seen on the shield of many coats of arms, always with the point up. Up to about the year 1903 noncommissioned officers wore a very large chevron of the color of their arm of service and with the point down. At that time some one with a knowledge of the laws of heraldry pointed out to the War Department that the chevron should be displayed with the point up. It was also at that time that the Army discarded the blue as a field uniform and adopted the olive drab or khaki, and to render the N. C. O. a less conspicuous target, it was prescribed that the chevron should be of the same color as the coat and of much smaller size.

Edward M. Offley, Colonel, U. S. Army, Retired, Fairfax, Va.

Thank you, Colonel Offley, for helping us out with an authoritative answer to the question asked by Corporal F. F. (August 30 Liberty) as to why chevrons on American Army uniforms point up, not down. And thanks also to the many other readers who offered explanations.

The old-line insurance companies are now inserting a war-risk clause in new policies, which, as I understand it, eliminates any liability on their part in the event selectee or volunteer is killed in battle.

The National Service Life Insurance Act of 1940 granted to all persons then in active military service the right to apply for insurance within 120 days after passage of the act, provided they were physically fit.

It seems to me that the draftee or volunteer who was unable to take up the matter of insurance on $21 per month income within the 120-day limit should not be forever barred from giving his wife or family some protection in the event he is killed while in the service of his country.

What do you think?

Father, Atlanta, Ga.

I think as you do—and so does Congress and the President. Public Law 206 gives the soldiers a further period of 120 days from August 18, 1941, to apply for government life insurance.

As one of the many who thoroughly enjoy singing, I'd like to know if there is a book of Army songs and, if there is, where I might get it. Drop in and have a sing with us sometime, Sarge.

Pvt. M. D., Camp Claiborne, La.

I'd like nothing better, soldier, and I will if I can. About the Army Song Book . . . ask you chaplain to get you a copy of the new one which was produced by the War Department earlier this year. It contains about seventy songs, all tried and true and good for barber-shopping.

"There's a nifty doll at the gate askin' for you, who—quote—is probably a *captain* by now'!"

THE LAST WORD: *The Japanese Ambassador Plants a Story*

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FULTON OURSLER

DIPLOMACY IS A TRICKY game. It is a trial of wits. One might wish that ambassadors and ministers of great nations could conduct their business openly and fairly, without intrigue, connivery, and insincerity. That is an ideal that is no nearer realization than it was during the European intrigue at the court of Louis XIV. Diplomacy is all too often another name for duplicity. Even so, there are limits. The American people have never forgotten that a German diplomat promised Texas to Mexico in 1916 as the price of a Mexican war with the United States. They have recently learned of the activities of the Vichy representatives here, through the courageous and enterprising exposé of the New York Herald Tribune. We have closed German and Italian consulates because of propaganda and espionage. Next week in Liberty, Mr. Hallett Abend, very competent Far Eastern representative of the New York Times, will tell you of what certain Japanese diplomats have been doing in our hospitable country. A Japanese diplomat at the Embassy in Washington gave Mr. Abend an important statement that turned out to be a barefaced and highly dangerous lie. Being a very careful newspaperman, Mr. Abend did not fall into this trap. He checked on the veracity of his Japanese friends and found they had been trying to bamboozle not only him and the New York Times, but the American people, and very much to their disadvantage.

Here is a plain tale of arrant skulduggery that needs to be told in these trying times when we are doing our best to come to terms with a nation that seems to have a singular indisposition to be fair. . . . We have sought to bring you in next week's issue a variety of entertaining and important material. I especially recommend one of the most heart-warming short stories we have ever published, Miss Within's Room, by Ruth Burr Sanborn; and there are two other exceptionally good short stories: After You, Hangnoose, by Roy Lopez—which, confidentially, is the nom de plume of the son of one of the best known storytellers; and The Silver Teapot, by Howard Maier. For sports fans I especially recommend Football Systems Are the Bunk, by Eddie Dooley, and other features I am hoping you are going to like are Hollywoodzapoppin, by Olsen and Johnson; Why South America Fears Us, by John Erskine; A Dispatch from Iceland, by Walter Karig; The Play of the Month, by George Jean Nathan; Fire! Fire! by G. Gramada; and generous installments of Breath of Life, by Faith Baldwin, and Tomorrow We March, by Oscar Schisgall.

SALMAGUNDI: The Thyssen memoirs, which made such a sensation in Liberty, are now available in a handsome volume, issued by the lively New York publishing house of Farrar & Rinehart. . . . John Erskine, back from South America with the Spanish language mastered and a deep enthusiasm for all things Pan-American. . . . Eddie Cantor on the telephone promises to tell us the ten most successful jokes he has told in his long career. One of them evolved from a most embarrassing moment. He was on the stage delivering a talk, and the audience was laughing even when he knew he wasn't funny. Finally he looked behind him and saw what was wrong. A black cat was sitting on the stage solemnly looking at him. Mr. Cantor turned to the audience and in a split second made a remark that convulsed them with laughter. What would you have said under such circumstances? Eddie will tell you what he said in a forthcoming issue of Liberty. . . . From Peking, China, comes a letter from Dr. Edward Chalmers Werner, whose daughter was most mysteriously murdered on New Year's Day in 1936. We published the facts about it in Liberty. Her body was found outside the walls of the old Chinese city, with her heart cut out with surgical skill. Why was she murdered? Why was her heart cut out? What did her murderer do with her heart? My own interest in crime detection has led me to explore these questions by correspondence with Dr. Werner. We have reached different conclusions. Some day I hope to be able to tell the readers of Liberty what I believe is the truth about this appalling and baffling crime. . . . Robert Low is back in Egypt and is now considering an offer from Hollywood to return to America and play his own part in a movie based on his war correspondence articles in Liberty. . . . Elliot Chess, who sometimes writes excellent short stories for Liberty, has collected them in a handsome volume called Walk Away from 'Em! They make a fine volume. . . . What is the longest Indian name? The war goes on and our stenographers are getting haggard. The last is from A. H. Anderson, chairman of the Americanism Committee, American Legion, Jackson, Michigan. He says that our spelling of the Indian name of Webster Lake was thirteen letters short. Here is his version: "Chaugaugagaugmanchaugagaugchaubunagungamaug." . . . Dr. Charles E. Funk has sent me a copy of the New International Year Book, of which he is editor. It is a handsome issue of a valuable work of reference—an annual summary of what has happened in the world, put together with a sensible regard for the needs of those who want ready reference to accurate data.

☆ *THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.* FULTON OURSLER.

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER BY W. B. HUMPHREY

★ ★ ★ LIBERTY—THE AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE ★ ★ ★

STRAW MEN

Without meat, milk, eggs, fish, America could never have an efficient army—in the field—on the farms—or in the factory.

For these foods contain vital elements which men need for the hard work the nation must perform.

FROM LEAN MEAT come several members of that amazing vitamin family we call B-Complex. Lean meat *is muscle*—rich in strength-giving proteins. Lean meat is a fine source of mineral substances—of iron and copper, for example, without which good red blood cannot exist. Don't forget liver or kidneys either. In some ways they surpass the lean cuts. And the fat from meat is nature's most concentrated form of food energy.

Milk and eggs are also important foods, contributing much to a well-balanced diet.

From fish also we get needed proteins, minerals and parts of the Vitamin B-Complex.

You know how Uncle Sam is betting on the stamina and courage and alertness of all his nephews and nieces now. Don't let him down.

Proper food, we *all* know, can make the difference between men and women of straw and men and women of iron!

WHERE YOU SEE meats displayed, where you see them advertised in counter and window signs, your merchant is aiding our government's program to make the nation strong. Meat, eaten regularly, helps to build up the individual—helps to build up America's defense.

This message is approved by the office of Federal Security Administrator, Paul V. McNutt, Co-ordinator of Health, Welfare and Related Defense Activities. It is brought to you as our contribution to National Nutritional Defense by Liberty Magazine.

THE *MAGIC* FOODS

It takes only a few kinds of simple foods to provide a sound foundation for buoyant health. Eat each of them daily. Then add to your table anything else you like which agrees with you.

MILK—especially for Vitamin A, some of the B vitamins, protein and calcium. "Irradiated" milk—for Vitamin D—the "sunshine" vitamin.

MEAT, eggs and sea food—for proteins and several of the B-Complex vitamins; meat and eggs also for iron.

GREEN AND YELLOW vegetables for B vitamins, Vitamin A, Vitamin C, and minerals.

FRUITS and fruit juices—for Vitamin C, other vitamins and minerals.

BREAD, whole grain or enriched, for B Vitamins and other nutrients.

Enough of these foods in your daily diet and in the diets of all Americans will assure better health for the nation, will increase its energies to meet today's emergencies.

Food will build a NEW America

Actual color photograph of tobacco hanging inside curing barn—J. M. Talley inspects a leaf of fine, light tobacco, before aging.

Lucky Strike means fine tobacco

"Take my word for it—tobacco like this is plenty expensive!" says J. M. Talley, tobacco warehouseman of Durham, N. C. "But that doesn't stop Luckies. I've seen them go after this finer leaf in my warehouse again and again—and pay the price to get it!"

Smokers, the higher-priced tobaccos Luckies buy are worth the money because they're milder and better-tasting—just naturally more enjoyable to smoke than the ordinary kind.

Wouldn't you like these tobaccos in your *own* cigarette?

Remember: the independent tobacco experts see who buys what tobacco. And with these men—auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen . . .

WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1

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